THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE MEETING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY SHIRLEY CLAIR.

You have not forgotten me, then,
Nor the bright sunny days of the past;
You remember the cool, shady glen,
And the gate where we parted the last?

Well, the asters in beauty still blow,
In gay hues the maples are dressed,
As they were in the days long ago,
When our footsteps the pebbly walks pressed.

"I am changed," well, 'tis nature, you know,
And you?—was that Dudley that past?
How chilly the evenings do grow;
"Did I shiver?" it was but the blast.

Our good night in the porch you remember,
And the half uttered words that we said:
Will you think of it all this December?
See, the last summer's roses are dead!

Yes, dead with the frosts of the fall,
Yet new ones will blossom next year;
"And we," we'll be like them, that's all,
So good-bye, and may God bless you, dear!

OLIVE VRAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

"Olive, Olive, I must, I will be heard! You drive me mad! Why are you so willfully cold and unloving, when my heart and brain are on fire? It is cruel, cruel!"

Paul Carlisle held the two little hands of Olive Vrain in a clasp that crushed them like frail white lilies, and bent his head till the dark curls of his hair almost brushed her pallid cheek. His breath poured hotly through parted lips—a burning gust of passion that made the fair young creature shrink and quiver like a little sensitive plant beneath the careless touch of rude fingers; but she could not speak. Terror had robbed her of words, and she cast imploring glances toward the house through the windows of which long lines of light streamed upon the shrubbery in the yard. Paul Carlisle was looking down into those beautiful eyes with his impassioned glance, and saw the mute, appealing agony they expressed.

"Oh, Olive, darling! you are afraid of me," he cried in a tender, deprecating tone. "When I would not harm one hair of your dear head for worlds. All I want is your love. Give me that, and the whole universe can add no more to perfect my happiness; but without it, life is a slow torture that must end in madness or death. Do you hear me, Olive? You will be responsible in either case—madness or death! I am not one to love lightly, and I cannot bear disappointment."

"Mr. Carlisle," quivered through the pallid lips at length, "I pray you cease. Have I not told you already, that what you ask is impossible? I love another—am betrothed to another, and yet you pursue me with importunities that become insults, remembering my relations."

"Insult! No, Olive! you must not call it that! An insane passion drives me on, and you repulse me unfeelingly; yet I cannot help it! More than once I have tried, for your sake, to conquer it, and leave you in peace; but every attempt is a mockery of its strength. It is impossible. I love you as my life, and always shall, whether you return it or not. I will even continue to hope that you may some time pity my sufferings, for no mortal man ever loved so wildly. It makes my blood boil, and my teeth grind with intense fury, when you stand up and tell me that you love another; yet wildly as the storm rages, I check it with the hope that a change may come. Oh, darling, hear me! He cannot love you as I do! He will never have half the power to make you happy. He is poor, without friends or influence, and I have all these things. Come with me, and your life shall be a paradise on earth. I will be your slave, and all I possess shall be at your command."

The girl wrenched her hand from his grasp, and drew herself up before him, her lips curled in bitter scorn.

"For years, since I was a little child, you have known me, and yet you strive to tempt me into an action where my heart has no interest. If Eugene Serle is poor pecuniarily, he is rich in all that makes man adorable in woman's eyes—kind, noble, above the thought even of an unworthy action; and what is more, as truly loyal to his country as the stars to the skies. Were he utterly penniless, it would not matter. The little I have would suffice for our simple wants. We are ambitious only to do right—not for greatness or power."

The young man's face was more pallid now than here, and he pressed his white teeth upon the red lip till the blood sprang to the surface.

"Take care, Olive, for your own sake. I pray you, for God's love, not to press me too hardly, lest harm should come to him! I have been tempted to kill him, and I may yet, in some blind moment, if you go too far."

"Paul! Would you dare to stoop so low as to lift a hand against Eugene, because he has been more fortunate than yourself? Do not be so unjust. You have wealth, power, friends, all of which you say he has not. And yet you envy him the little boon of my love, and would kill him in order to dispossess him of that. Could you so far forget yourself as to do it, what would the deed avail you? Should I love him less in the grave than when living? Or think you that I could tear the strong cords of my heart from his, and turn from his cold clay to lavish upon his murderer the love he prized so highly? Once more I beg you kindly, for the sake of the past, our innocent childhood, to leave me in peace. If you refuse me, then I must seek protection, for I cannot bear this torture longer."

The scorn and anger had burned through her whole speech, and ended in a determined tone that sounded strangely from those gentle lips. Hitherto she had only pleaded with him to leave her in peace, but now her very voice was a command.

For one moment the young man regarded the white face, ghastly in the moonlight, with his evil glance, and then made an effort to speak calmly.

"You drive me hence mercilessly. You will not let me come again. You will hear no words from my lips that hope may prompt, or love force into utterance. You are cold as marble, pitiless as steel! My God! Olive, you will kill me."

The constrained passion broke forth with redoubled violence, but the young girl no longer shrank or trembled. She felt her strength increasing with the weight of her purpose.

"Paul Carlisle, be silent, I command you! Too often have I tolerated this declaration of a sentiment that extends beyond all reason. You haunt my footsteps—watch me every hour. I cannot even steal out into my own garden, but you dart upon me with your wild, mad passion. But it must and here. I will endure it no longer. I will not be kept a prisoner in my father's house for fear of you, nor have every moment intruded upon, if I dare to step abroad for a few minutes. If you have no gentlemanly feeling, or sense of discretion to keep you away, I must appeal to the proper authorities to protect me from this system of persecution. For the last time, go! and return no more."

She lifted one hand imperiously, and pointed toward a grand white dwelling towering in the distance; and as she stood pointing thus, her slender form looked stately—her brow clad with the regal beauty of a princess royal. In all her life Olive Vrain had never appeared so perfectly beautiful as at that moment. Paul ground his teeth, clenching his hands till the nails sank into the flesh, his eyes chained to the pure face and flashing eyes. But he did not stir for a full minute, and she had until repeated the order still more imperiously.

"Yes, I will go, beautiful little demon! No, you are too cold for that! I will go, but you will wish before you die that you had not sent me from your side as you are sending me away to-night. A day will come when you will bitterly regret the deed of this hour."

"Go!" was all she said.

He took a step forward as if to obey, hesitated, and then turned with the speed of lightning and threw his arms around her. Before she could cry out, she felt herself strained to his bosom and a hot kiss burning upon her lips. In the next moment he bounded away, leaped the enclosure of the garden, and disappeared in the shadows of the lane.

"Oh, Heavens!" Olive wrung her hands and moaned in the bitterness of her agony. The kiss stung her like an adder. The close embrace clung to her like a pollution. His very presence had seemed like a degradation, and yet he had dared to touch her—that vile, bad man.

Her agitation was too great for immediate composure, and she dared not seek the peaceful quiet of the little home circle within until it was gained; so she paced the garden walks, with the perfume of flowers all around her, and the night dews drenching the long curls that fell almost to her waist.

Ten minutes passed, and she had grown calmer. The pallid face settled into the gentleness of its usual expression, and the sweet eyes grew soft and tender. Other thoughts had come to chase away the excitement of the hour, and her young heart began to palpitate with swelling emotions.

"It is almost time for Eugene," she murmured softly. "He promised to come to-night. But, poor fellow, it will be a hard ride for him, and it may be late before he gets here. I will go into the portico and watch for him.

With quick, gliding steps she passed from the garden into the shrubbery and along the wet grass to the front steps, where she sank down in the white moonlight to wait and watch. And while she was waiting she pondered the propriety of telling Eugene the event of the evening.

Paul Carlisle was a near neighbor, and had been her playmate in childhood. But he was a proud, passionate and imperious boy, and she had always feared more than she had liked him. When he was sixteen he was sent North to college, while she was at boarding-school in Alexandria, Virginia. Until a few months past they had not met since he went away; and from the hour of her meeting with him her first trouble began.

Paul Carlisle was a rebel, hot and furious, and this was one source of displeasure, for all the Vrains were loyal. But they scarcely dared to breathe their loyal sentiments in northern Alabama then. Those who had friends in the United States service lived under a reign of persecution that was like tyranny, and to make matters worse for poor Olive, her father and lover were both loyal men, and serving under the Federal government.

At the time of which we write the Union troops occupied Athens, Alabama, and Eugene Serle's regiment, of which her father was major, was there. Eugene had written her of his intention to come and see her on the night in which our story opens, and Olive had stolen into the garden to wait his coming, when Paul Carlisle came by, saw her and leaped the enclosure to join her. He had been home on furlough for two weeks, and she had scarcely dared to quit her room lest she should be subjected to his importunities; but she had been erroneously informed that he had departed on the day previous, and went out joyously to breathe the pure, balmy air of the southern spring.

The sight of the young man had at first stilled her heart with terror. What if Eugene should come, and they should meet there—rivals in love—enemies politically—each sufficient to rouse the bitterest feelings? What terrible deed might not follow such an encounter? The thought froze her blood. It was this that had nerved her to brave him so imperiously, and drive the infatuated young man away without shrinking in the end. Oh, if Paul would only go away before Eugene's visit. The fear of his detection and capture through Paul's instrumentality grew stronger and stronger as she sat upon the steps in the moonlight, until her brain was in a whirl of confusion and agony! What could she do?

Suddenly a light step sounded in the hall, and some one came out. She thought it was her mother who came to chide her for sitting under the night dews, and did not look up until the figure paused close beside her and remained silent. Then she lifted her eyes and gave a quick, low cry:

"Eugene! you here?"

He did not answer, but stood with folded arms, his white, rigid face more ghastly from the contrast with the black citizen's dress he wore. Something in look and manner struck a cold chill to her heart. She sprang up with clasped hands, her fingers locked tightly over her breast to still the wild throbbing there.

"Eugene, in mercy tell me! What is the matter? What has happened? Why do you look so cold and strange?"

"Why ask me? you have only to put the question to yourself, Miss Vrain, to solve the mystery, if there is any."

"Mystery! Miss Vrain? Eugene, for the love of Heaven, *what* do you mean?"

He stooped to her ear, and whispered hoarsely—

"Who has been here every day almost for weeks? A rebel officer—a traitor to his country. He offers you love; he follows your footsteps. He is your very shadow. I heard it all from a friend who has seen him here, but would not believe it until to-night, when the cruel confirmation was forced upon me. I saw you not a half hour ago, standing with him in the garden. He clasped you to his heart—pressed his lips to yours, and fled before I could realize the truth. Then I heard your moans while you wrung your hands as if with the pain of parting. Oh, Olive, I thought you so pure and so full of truth—a very angel upon earth; and am shocked from my blindness by your own actions. You prove yourself false to me, a traitress to your country in loving her bitter enemy! God forgive you. May he save you from the bitter cup of a fearful retribution. Farewell."

Olive stood as if turned to stone, white and speechless, as he moved away, and took the path to the gate. Her brain swam, her heart fluttered with a smothering sensation. Unconsciously her arms were outstretched in a passionate but silent appeal, that he would pause and listen, but he saw it not. With slow, sorrowful tread he was going away from her, carrying with him the burthen of a cruel misconstruction; and her lips were sealed to all expressions of remonstrance. The cry she strove to utter died in her throat, and only a faint moan floated out upon the still night, too indistinct to reach him.

The gate clanged after his retreating form, and the next moment the sound of a horse's hoofs upon the hard stones of the pike, told her that he was indeed gone, and left her no hope of exculpating herself from the seeming wrong, and the agony of the thought was like death. A sickening sensation at heart, a blindness to all objects, and the slender form, clad in its soft, light robes, damp with the night dews, lay stretched, face downward, upon the graveled walk at the foot of the steps.

Fainter and fainter grew the sound of the horse's hoofs upon the road. Then all was silent. The moon sailed calmly through the blue ocean of space, girded by myriads of twinkling stars; but the young girl saw nothing of their brightness. Still and cold and white, the long brown fringes sweeping her marble-like cheek, she lay until Mrs. Vrain crept timidly to the door to listen for the voices of the lovers, and found her child alone and senseless.

Then a sharp cry of terror broke the death-like stillness, and the servants came hurrying through the house and out to the steps, with wild exclamations of affright. Amid a perfect din of voices, the young girl was lifted up and borne to her chamber, where they bathed her face and chafed the little hands to restore the life that seemed to have gone out forever.

At length the color returned faintly to the lips that began to tremble, and the eyes unclosed in a wondering stare upon the terrified group. But as memory returned, the poor girl buried her face in the pillow and sobbed bitterly.

"Oh, mother, mother! he has gone! He has cast me off unheard, without a moment's warning, and my heart will break!"

"Hush, hush, my love! What does it all mean?" cried the mother, bewildered and shaking like an aspen. "Calm yourself and tell me."

"Not yet, not yet! I cannot talk now. Send all these good people away, and perhaps I can gain some composure soon. Oh, Eugene! Eugene! I did not think your love so light, or that you could doubt me so easily. It was hard, bitter, unkind!"

Mrs. Vrain turned helplessly from the couch, and appealed more by looks than words to the servants.

"Go, please," she said. "I will ring if I want you." And they withdrew slowly, leaving the two alone. Olive turned and threw her arms around her mother with a passionate burst of grief.

"Mother, he thinks I love that bad man, Paul Carlisle! He thinks I love a rebel, and has gone before I could explain a word, or tell him what I have suffered. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Perhaps he will return," answered Mrs. Vrain, in an attempt to comfort her distress. Olive shook her head sadly.

"No, no! He will never come back as long as he thinks so meanly of me. He is too proud and noble to stoop to treachery like that which he believes me guilty of. Oh, if Paul Carlisle had only stayed away! He is destined to be my evil genius."

She lay and moaned and wept for hours, yielding herself up to the most despairing fancies. The timid mother's words and caresses were almost unheeded in the wildness of her grief. But at last she fell asleep from exhaustion, and Mrs. Vrain stole away from her side thankfully, hoping that a night's rest would calm her.

The next morning Olive came down to breakfast as usual; but her step was painfully slow, and her young face marred by suffering. She moved about with a heart-broken air that filled Mrs. Vrain's eyes with tears, and caused her young brother's brow to knit fiercely.

"Never mind, sister," he said, going round to her chair and stooping to kiss her forehead, "if I am but a boy, still I will protect you from outrages like this. Paul Carlisle had better look to himself!"

"What can you do?" asked his mother. "You had better be quiet, Arthur."

"I can do enough to make him repent his persecution of my sister, and I will," cried the boy, hotly. "He has wrought too much misery in the past two weeks to pass on unheeded."

Olive looked up in surprise.

"What do you know of his persecution of me, Arthur?"

"Everything. I have heard you beg and plead with him to go away from you, and leave you in peace. I'd have knocked him down then, but for the fear that it might bring you and mother into trouble."

"And can it be possible that you have understood *this*, and yet suffered Eugene to go away misunderstanding me? Oh, Arthur, this was not kind!"

"I was not in the house when he was here, sister, and mother was dumb to the truth. She did not understand why Paul came here so much. It troubled her, and the benefit of her doubts has gone to strengthen Eugene's injustice.

The daughter's eyes were turned upon her mother's pale face, and the look in them brought the blood tingling to her cheeks.

"I could not help it, child," she stammered. "The young man broke in upon me, and frightened me half to death. He asked me how often Paul had been here, and I had to tell him, but he did not give me time to tell him that I didn't believe you guilty of deception. Indeed I was so flustered I don't know what either of us said."

Arthur flamed up, but Olive checked him.

"Be still, brother. She is not to blame. I ought to have explained it all to her, and I would have done so but for the trouble I knew she would feel."

Mrs. Vrain looked grateful, and the conversation was dropped. The meal was discussed in silence, and when it was finished, Arthur rose and left the house.

Several days passed away without any occurrence of importance. No word came from Eugene, and nothing from Mr. Vrain. Olive kept her room most of the time, buried in bitter reflections, and the poor old timid mother wandered about restlessly, wondering why it was that she was always doing something wrong unintentionally. Arthur was seldom in the house, and unusually quiet when there, yet his silence was scarcely noticed. They had all changed in a few days, and a dark shadow seemed perpetually hovering over the household.

One day Olive walked down into the little meadow beyond the garden, and sat down under the shade of a large tree. The clear water rippled at her feet in a little winding brook, and the violets sprang up all around her in their modest loveliness. Over the world was light and beauty, and the air was full of sweet odors; but to the sad heart of this young girl nothing was pleasant any more. Her lover had deserted her, leaving no means in her power to remove the error from his mind; and long ere this her father had learned to doubt, perhaps to curse his child as a traitor to all the purest principles of womanhood.

Filled with the agony of such reflections, she dropped her face into her hands as they lay upon her lap, and wept bitterly, unconscious that still another evil was drawing near, and was soon to be added to the list of her troubles.

"Olive, I am here again," said a voice at her side, and she sprang up with a smothered scream. "Nay, do not look so frightened. I have come only to do you a kindness—to avert a blow that you will feel all your life if it falls."

"What can you mean?" she gasped. "What evil can you avert after having brought so much upon me?"

"Sit down and listen, and I will tell you," he answered gravely.

"No. I will stand here while you say what you have to say. What is it?"

"It is a painful subject to speak upon," he answered in admirably counterfeited agitation; "but it might come more severely from another than from myself, because I am here to remedy this evil if possible. You have only to give me a kind word or look, and I have the power to check the officers of justice ere they can reach the place. Speak, and tell me that you will be merciful to me if I succeed in averting shame from your family."

"Shame! Officers of Justice! In Heaven's name, what do you mean, Paul Carlisle?"

"This! That a robbery has been committed, and your brother is suspected of the theft. He has been seen prowling about the premises for several days, and now he is about to be arrested and tried for a shameful crime. But I can save him, Olive. Speak the word, and this thing shall never take place. Say that you will be mine, and none dear to you shall ever come to harm."

"My brother a thief! My brother about to be arrested for theft! Oh, it is not possible! He, a mere boy, and as noble and pure as the sun in the heavens! Who accuses him? Who will bring proofs of this horrible deed against him?"

"Be calm. You distress yourself needlessly, my darling. It breaks my heart to see you wring your hands so wildly, and look so white and agonized. Do I not tell you that I can save him? The deed affects me only. I had some gold buried in my garden, and it has been stolen from the spot, and your brother's footsteps have been traced there and back through the soft earth. But little doubt of his guilt remains in my mind; but he is young, and for your sake I am willing to overlook it, and screen him from the consequences. Speak. Shall I save him, Olive?"

She stepped back with flashing eyes.

"Sir! this to me, coupled with a suspicion as foul as the lips that can speak such baseness! You believe my brother guilty, and yet you would wed the sister of a thief and screen that thief from justice. Your principles are lofty, indeed! I understand you, Mr. Carlisle. This is but a new style of pressing an odious suit, and forcing me to a step that I would sooner die than take. Do your worst, Paul! Concoct your base plans and carry them to their utmost extent; but you will gain nothing beyond contempt. Now leave me, sir, and do what you will, except to force me to look upon you. I defy you to the last to injure me or mine beyond the injury already wrought."

"Be it so, madam. You declare open war between us, and war it shall be until you are conquered," and with these words hissed through his closed teeth, he turned and strode from her presence.

This brought the young girl a step beyond forbearance. All her nature was roused to resistance of the insulting cruelty directed against her, and her mind sought eagerly after plans to thwart his purposes. That it was all a scheme to force her into an acquiescence with his wishes, she knew well, but how far he would carry that scheme was yet to be seen.

In a few hours the proofs came. Arthur was arrested on a charge of robbery, preferred by Paul Carlisle, and was placed in confinement at Huntsville.

The same night Olive Vrain, with a few instructions to her mother in regard to her absence, left home for an indefinite length of time.

"If any one comes for me," she said at parting, "let them suppose me confined to my room. The motive justifies the deception. I will save my darling brother from this base plot to ruin him, and at the same time clear myself from blame in my father's eyes at least. Be firm and hopeful, mother. Be courageous, and I will hasten back with all speed."

She kissed her tenderly, straining the tear-wet face to her bosom for one moment, and then stole softly to the stable, where she saddled her pony with her own hands, and mounted him under the shelter of the trees beyond. This she did in order to hide her departure from the servants, that they might not be forced or tempted to betray her to any chance questioner.

When she had gained the road, screened by the forest trees, she gave the reins to her horse, and dashed along at a rapid pace till she reached the vicinity of the pickets near Decatur. Here she checked the animal, and walked him slowly along for a few yards, peering through the darkness for a little path in the wood which she meant to take in the hope of eluding the sentinels.

Presently her quick eye caught the little trail, and she urged her horse into it, winding along cautiously, scarce daring to breathe until half a mile had been traversed. Once she came within twenty yards of a guard, and her heart beat almost to suffocation in expectation of his cry for her to halt, but he was sitting perfectly still, his head bent forward upon his hands, and, as she hoped, fast asleep. The danger was passed in safety so far. If she could only get through the line along the river, she could go on with a heart at ease.

But now the real difficulty of her venture came. The guards were placed so closely along the stream, that it seemed impossible to pass them in safety, and she paused to think what her best course would be. The moon was not shining now, and only the stars lighted the earth dimly. But she could see the pickets above and below her, pacing along their beat quietly. Just on her right, a number of horses were tied to a rack, and occasionally a restless movement stirred the stillness. The moment she noticed this, her plan was formed, bold and hazardous, but still there was a chance, and, with her knowledge of the country to help her, she determined to make the attempt. Her horse was a swift and fearless swimmer, and she was going to take him across the river, as the only means of getting over, and she did not fear, because of her own ability to save herself in case of any accident that might happen. So, sliding softly from his back, she left him in the deep shadows of some trees, and crept cautiously toward the horses tied up at a little distance. In a few moments she had reached the spot, and untied their halters. Then she returned as softly, picking up a handfull of stones as she went. Having loosed her own pony with the reins thrown over his head, ready to spring upon him, she turned and hurled the stones at the animals with all her force, which set them to rearing and plunging in affright. In a moment a dozen of them were scattering away, and the guard, with a volley of oaths, darted toward them to ascertain the cause of their fright, his companion following him. This gave her the opportunity she sought, and laying herself as flat as she could upon the pony's back, she started him down the bank into the river. He took to the water beautifully, and struck out in a straight line for the opposite shore.

"By George!" shouted one of the men behind her, "some of the darned brutes are taking to the river! There goes one. Shall I fire?"

"No," answered another, gruffly. "Let the cuss go. I don't blame him for trying to get out of this place; I'd do it myself, if I could. Besides, what does one old hoss less matter? He ain't worth nothing. You couldn't hit him if you was to try, and the noise would only raise a rumpus, and we'd get the devil for our pains. Let him go."

Olive heard no more, but clung steadily to the animal, which breasted the strong current nobly. He was nearing the middle of the stream now, and in spite of his efforts began to drift down a little. Seeing this, she gently touched the reins to turn his head against the current, and patted his neck in token of encouragement.

On and on, steadily and firmly, the noble horse pursued his course, and at last landed safely on the other side. Olive's eyes were streaming with gratitude, and she clasped her arms around his neck with a loud burst of thanks and blessings.

"Oh! my Father, I thank Thee!" she breathed. "Dear, darling little Sultan, you are an angel! You have saved my life, and I shall love you always! Now on, good horse, and in a little while you shall have food and rest."

As if comprehending her words, Sultan shook himself gently, pricked up his ears, and trotted off, guided by her hand through by-ways, until they reached the main road. Then she urged him to a gallop, and before daylight reached Athens, where Mr. Vrain's regiment was encamped. A soldier pointed out his tent, and she alighted near it, telling the man to rub down the horse and feed him carefully. Then she lifted the fly and disappeared within the tent.

Mr. Vrain had thrown himself upon his cot without removing his clothes, and was still asleep. The little table was strewn with papers, as if he had written till late in the night, while everything wore a look of confusion and disorder.

Olive gave a sigh as she completed the survey, and sat down on a camp-stool by Major Vrain.

"Papa!" She touched him gently. "Papa, waken up, please."

He started, rubbed his eyes, and looked at her in blank surprise.

"Why, Olive, my child, what brings you here? What has happened at home?"

He was wide awake now, sitting upright, and his face the picture of apprehension.

"Much has happened, father. I have been insulted, pursued, and driven almost to despair, by a confederate officer—my old playmate, Paul Carlisle. I could not rid myself of him, and now he has taken his revenge upon me in an attempt to ruin our family. This night poor Arthur has, at his instigation, been thrust in the county jail at Huntsville, on the charge of robbery. It is this that brings me here, and for which I have braved all the dangers of a wearisome journey. I want your help to release him."

"My son imprisoned for theft!"—and the Major ground his teeth passionately. "By Heaven! the man who has dared to cast shame in this manner upon me and mine, shall rue it bitterly. Yes, my child, I will help you; and woe be unto Paul Carlisle if I set eyes upon him! But what is it that I have heard concerning that man and you, Olive? I was told that you loved him," he cried suddenly, changing his tone.

"I 'loved him!' Oh, father, can you ask me such questions, when I have told you that what he has done was in revenge for my rejection? He has tortured me for weeks with his unwelcome suit, and I have remained silent in the hope that he would finally desist. Now it is war between us in every sense of the word."

"And Eugene, Olive?"

The girl turned her face aside, that her father might not see its pained expression.

"He has doubted me, father, and given me no chance for an explanation. If he can think so meanly of me, it is better as it is. My husband must trust me."

"Right, girl, right! But don't go too far yet. The proofs were strong enough to shake even my faith in you. He is excusable if he, after hearing the stories about you, saw that scoundrel kiss you in the garden. How was that?"

Olive's cheeks tingled, but she lifted her sweet eyes fearlessly, and told him of all that had passed. When she finished the story, he drew her lovingly within his arms, and they talked a long time over their plans for the release of Arthur.

Olive remained quietly in her father's tent during the day, refreshing herself with sleep before starting on her return home. The evening found all their plans settled, and the young girl bright and strong. Just before sundown she mounted and started back, with a pass through the Federal lines, and a guard that accompanied her to the river, where he took his leave, and left her alone to make her way back to the place from whence she came. This time she went below the crossing at Decatur, and swam the river with less difficulty where the current was not so strong. By this course she also avoided several pickets; but it forced her to use all the tact and courage of which she was mistress, to elude those whom she was compelled to pass.

To be brief, the journey was accomplished in safety, and just as the light broke in the east, Olive left her weary pony in his stall, and stole softly to her room, where she soon fell asleep from exhaustion.

The next day Olive presented herself at the prison-door at Huntsville, and asked permission to see her brother. The man hesitated, and looked embarrassed.

"I was told, miss, not to admit you," he stammered at length. "It's against the rules."

"What! Do you mean to tell me that you refuse me entrance to see my brother?" cried the girl indignantly. "Who has given such orders? It is not against the law."

The man was silent, and the keen glance of the young girl never left his face a moment. Suddenly it brightened.

"Oh, I understand!" Then, in a low voice: "How much has Mr. Carlisle given you to keep me out? Speak! I know you are a poor man, and I will double the sum. What was it?"

"Well, miss, not much. Only an X by way of showing his good will to me for my politeness to him, you know. He said it was against the law, and of course I could say nothing."

"Mr. Carlisle is mistaken. A county jail is not like a state prison, where every one must have permits to visit their unfortunate friends. Take this," (giving him a twenty dollar bill) "and let me in quickly; it is getting late, and I must hasten home as fast as possible, or night will catch me. Besides, every one is staring at me here."

The bill had an all potent charm, and the man admitted her without further delay, opening the door and leaving her alone.

"You may return in fifteen minutes," said Olive as she went in, "by that time I shall have to return."

"Very well. I will come and conduct you out."

He left her at once, and did not come back for about twenty minutes. Then the young lady's veil was down, and a low sob came from beneath it as she walked by his side. Closing the door after her, he accompanied her to the gate, trying to think of some comforting words to say, but failing until it was too late. Before he could express his sympathy in fitting terms, she had entered the old family carriage and was driven away rapidly.

An hour later, when Arthur's supper was brought to his cell, the boy appeared buried in sorrow, and was lying with his head thrust disconsolately under the bed clothes.

"Come, young man. Here's your supper. It ain't any use to fret. If you're innocent the truth 'll come out some time. Bear it like a man."

Only a stifled sob answered.

"Oh, got a regular sulky fit. Well, never mind. If you can't eat now, your appetite may come before morning. I'll leave it for you."

With these words he turned away, and the prisoner was troubled no more that night.

The next morning the dishes were sitting by the door, partly emptied, and the man smiled as he set the breakfast down and took up the remains of the supper. Arthur seemed to be sleeping, and contenting himself with simply calling him to get up and eat his breakfast, he left him to do as he liked.

No sooner had the door closed, however, than the recumbent figure sprang from the bed and hastily partook of the food brought. Then a little concealed bundle was drawn from beneath the bed clothes, and donned rapidly. When the toilette was completed, Olive stood up with a proud smile upon her lip, and murmured,

"I have outwitted them. By this time Arthur is safe in Athens with papa, and as it is impossible to keep my secret longer without detection, it is best to meet it in my own proper dress."

Yet, as the time sped slowly, and she had nothing beyond conjecture to assure her of the final success of her plan beyond the prison walls, she began to feel the painfulness of her uncertain but rather dangerous position.

About half-past twelve o'clock Mr. Turner came with her dinner, and then discovered the deception practiced upon him. His surprise and terror were extreme. With a few hurried exclamations only, he locked the door and posted off to Mr. Carlisle, to whom he tremblingly confessed his fault and begged for pardon, asking what should be done.

"Done! you rascal! I forbade your letting her enter at all, and now that he has escaped, you come to me! I have a mind to set the law upon you in full force!" cried Paul passionately. But, after a few moments thought, he added more quietly, a wicked light creeping into his eyes, "go back home and keep still. Say nothing of what has happened for your life, while I try to find the runaway. It will never do to expose the girl to the consequences of her rash act, and we must manage it quietly to avoid gossip. Keep still till I come, which will be about dusk."

Turner promised faithful obedience, and the two separated—one to go back to town—the other to seek his room, where the long restrained triumph burst out in exultant exclamations.

"By Jove, she is in my power now! I will tame the proud girl, and teach her to spurn my love with less contempt! Yes, by the powers, Olive Vrain has entrapped herself. I could wish for nothing better! Oh, slow footed hours! Hasten and bring the night, that I may enjoy my triumph to its full completeness."

He paced the room restlessly; tried to read, but failed; then rose and paced the room again in an agony of impatience.

At length the night came on, and Paul mounted his horse to ride into town, ordering a boy to drive in with the carriage and wait for him at a certain spot. When he reached Huntsville it was nearly eight o'clock.

Olive Vrain was sitting upon the side of the bed, her face pale with apprehension, when the door was opened to admit him. Since noon no one had been near her, and her fears led her to conjure up a thousand evils. The greatest she had expected appeared in the person of Paul Carlisle, who advanced with a smile upon his lip.

"Really, you are heroic, Miss Olive. I had not expected you capable of the self-sacrifice you have displayed in this action."

"Then you forget that I am a Vrain," she answered proudly, rising and standing erect. "One I love has been wrongfully accused, you best know for what purpose, of the most degrading crime of which the most hardened of men can be guilty. Rather than see one of my family tried for theft, even could I hope for a fair trial, I would sacrifice my life."

Never had she looked more beautiful in Paul's eyes than at that moment. The proud lip was wreathed splendidly—the deep eyes flashing rays of superb light. Excitement had called a wave of vermillion to her waxen cheeks, which varied with each breath. The sight of her transcendent loveliness enthralled him. His step drew nearer to her side, and his breath came pantingly. All the baser purposes he had formed during the afternoon melted in the purity of her presence, and he could only plead.

"Oh, Olive, yours is the fault. You have driven me thus far. Only be a little more merciful, and all that man can do, I will do. This thing shall go no further. Lay your hand in mine but gently, in token of yielding to my prayer, and I will take you hence quietly. No one shall know what has occurred, and I will withdraw the charges against your brother. Speak quickly for God's sake!"

Olive saw that the man's excitement was becoming terrible, and trembled to think of the danger to which a repulse might subject her. Shut up in a prison, beyond hope of help, she had no resource but to yield, though her very soul loathed the deception such an action would entail upon her. He was holding out one hand, his eyes fixed on her pleadingly, blazing with the fires of a consuming passion. As if fascinated, she returned his gaze, advancing slowly till her hand had nearly touched his. Then she recoiled.

"With one condition only, I will give you my hand, Mr. Carlisle," she said, falteringly.

"Name it! Anything reasonable I will grant," he answered with eagerness.

"It is that you will take me straight home to-night, or send me, and suffer me to remain quietly there for one week. I must have time to compose myself before—before I can receive you with the feelings you wish. Grant me this, and after that time you may come at will!

"You will not deceive me?"

"No."

"You promise solemnly, on the honor of a lady?"

"I promise," she gasped, turning pale.

"Then I will do all you ask. Now, your hand."

She laid it timidly in his, a thrill of aversion running through her whole frame as she did so. The same moment he drew her into his arms, and covered her face with hot kisses that seemed to sear her very soul, ere he released her and knocked upon the door for exit.

A minute later, the two were passing beyond the gate, and Paul led Olive to the carriage he had in waiting.

"See, dearest, I came prepared to release you," he whispered, as he seated her within it. "May I come with you?"

"Not now, please," she answered, tremblingly.

"Very well. I will ride close by, my horse is here. I will make any sacrifice for your sake. You shall yet know how entirely I love you, and I do believe it must win a return. Good-night, my own love."

"Good night," came in a faint voice from the seat; and as the carriage whirled away, Olive bent forward and sobbed passionately.

When she reached home, Paul came and assisted her to alight, led her to the gate, and pressing her hand with a whispered "good-night" again, took his leave. In all his life, he had never done anything to move Olive as the delicacy of the last hour had moved her.

During the days that followed, Paul kept his promise faithfully, while Olive kept her room in an agony of remorse and fear. Arthur was safe in Athens. This she learned from a secret message sent by her father. But this anxiety removed, her own troubles took deep hold on her mind, and wore upon her so dreadfully, that she had fallen dangerously ill before the expiration of the week, and for several days her life was despaired of.

Only once was Paul permitted to see her when the time of probation was up; and then to satisfy himself that she was really as ill as represented. For one moment he stood at her side, heard the incoherent mutterings that came through the beautiful lips, and held the little burning hand in his. Then Mrs. Vrain forced him hence, her gentle nature fully aroused by the assurance of the man who had forced her into so unseemly an action.

That was the last time Paul Carlisle ever looked upon the face of Olive Vrain. The next day he was peremptorily summoned to his regiment, and hastened away.

Before he could again leave, the Union forces occupied Huntsville. Not long afterward Decatur was taken also, and they found themselves safely ensconsed at headquarters, under the protection of the Federal Government.

Very pale and fragile looked Olive now. The terrible strain upon her nerves which had thrown her finally into such a critical state, left her almost as weak and helpless as an infant. When Eugene Serle came to see her the first time after their removal, an exclamation of dismay burst from his lips.

"Oh, Olive," he said, remorsefully, "how much of this is my work? You look like a phantom—a mere shadow of life. Forgive me, darling, forgive me!"

"You were not to blame," she answered, lowly, "except in your haste to leave me. If you had only given me time to explain. But that is past. Forget it, Eugene.

So were they reconciled, and to-day, Olive, grown robust and strong through change of scene and exercise, still follows the fortunes of her noble young husband, Col. Eugene Serle.

☞ A net to catch rebels—The bayo-net.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1865.

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REBEL NEGROES.

An army correspondent of *The Daily Press* of this city tells the following:—

DARING OF REBEL NEGROES.—A curious instance of negro daring and recklessness transpired several days ago at the front of the cavalry division. The 6th Ohio Regiment had been doing picket duty in the vicinity of the Jerusalem plank road, and the men observed that in dark nights while at their posts, shots had been fired at them, evidently from the rear. A few nights ago a couple of men of the regiment being thus fired on by an unseen foe, commenced cautiously "prospecting around," as they say in the oil land, and presently perceived by the reflection of the moonlight, a couple of rifles thrust over the brow of an abandoned infantry breastwork several hundred yards in their rear. Unmistakably they revealed the lurking place of bushwhackers, and the Ohio "boys" forthwith took steps to bag them. Stealthily moving around and coming upon the enemy's flank and rear, they made a charge with sabres drawn. The charge was successful, resulting in the capture of two negroes, one of whom, however, received a severe sabre cut in the head before he would yield himself a prisoner. The other, evidently a fellow of "fine moral sensibilities," was struck with repentance, and begged to be forgiven. They were marched off to corps headquarters under guard, and will probably be hung, after the forms of law have been satisfied. Both of them were 5th Corps badges, and were well calculated to deceive. They stated that a rebel captain had promised to pay them a handsome sum—ten or twenty dollars—for every Yankee they killed in this manner. Such reckless daring as theirs is unsurpassed in any single instance since the war commenced; but their intrepidity doubtless arose from ignorance of the danger of their occupation.

The above has some bearing upon the question of how successful the rebels would be should they attempt to arm their slaves. Conversing with one of our own Generals—a very able and intelligent officer, and who has no prejudices on the subject—he gave it as his opinion that the negroes could be made to fight on the rebel side, if the rebels had sufficient time to drill them. It is more difficult, of course, to make good soldiers out of ignorant negro slaves than out of intelligent white men, though when the job is completed he does not think, so far as the private soldiers are concerned, there is a very great difference in their value. It takes a much longer time in the case of the negroes, for several reasons. In the first place, the mass of the slave population is astonishingly ignorant. It may be several months before the enlisted slaves can be taught even to remember the name and number of the regiment to which they belong. Then there is an habitual, which has become almost a natural, dread of the whites, which has to be overcome. The best if not the only way to accomplish this latter, is to be very careful that the new negro regiment, when it goes first into action, shall be placed where it is almost certain to be successful. After seeing the backs of white men in several engagements, the negroes learn not to fear their faces. Again, through the sheer force of strict drill and discipline, the negro must be taught that he is to obey the military word of command, without regard to any other consideration whatever. Then, properly officered by white men, the negro will fight, and bravely.

Now it takes time to do all this, and the rebels have not the time to spare. Besides, they have put a great obstacle in their own way, by having heretofore always ridiculed to the negroes the idea that they could be worth anything as fighters; and, moreover, they have worked upon the fears of the slaves by depicting the horrors of the battle-field, and the cruelty of the Yankee soldiers. But, give the rebels time, and it is probable they could succeed in arming and disciplining a formidable body of negroes, if they were able to catch and keep them. That at the first attempt at negro conscription, the negroes will run away, if they can, like a flock of startled sheep, there is very little doubt. Their hopes, as well as their fears, would prompt to such a course. But if the rebel leaders can catch them, and hold them, and then have the time to discipline them thoroughly, they may succeed in adding considerable strength to their rapidly decreasing armies—at the cost, however, of seriously interfering with their future supply of food.

A FEW PAINTINGS.

All our readers may not, perhaps, be aware that there are on exhibition at the rooms of Messrs. Earle & Sons, Chestnut street, free of cost, such a collection of paintings as are not often to be found in far more extensive galleries. The pictures to be found there are often transient visitors, resting awhile before being absorbed into private galleries, and so the collection is constantly changing its character; but at the present time its merits are very unusual, all the paintings good, and many of them admirably so.

A new landscape by Weber at present fills the place of honor in the artistically arranged rooms, an excellent example of the still ripening style of that fine artist. In this, as in others of his European pictures painted within the last three years, there is more luxuriance and breadth of treatment than appear in those of an earlier date, without sacrifice of the exquisite harmony and truth of detail that is so admirable in them. In this landscape the glowing freshness of the middle foreground, the clump of stately trees, and the vine-clothed cottage, relieves and contrasts with the mountains beyond, dim in the distance, yet well-defined in structure, so that

"Each gives each a double charm."

By way of carrying that same charm of contrast from picture to picture, one should pass from Weber's to the delightful landscape of Van Starkenborg's "Wedding procession in Thuringia." Then to a new picture by T. B. Richards, brilliant in summer light and verdure. The painting is almost rash in its richness of color, but it sets one face to face with Nature's very self. If the sky fails a little in transparency it is because mere earthly pigments cannot fully give us the broad azure arch lit up by a mid-summer sun. To fill up the chord of landscape beauty we have two by E. D. Lewis, "Summer on Lake George," and "Autumn on the Susquehanna;" the latter especially charming.

In a different field of art there are two admirable street views by Meyerheim;—a Flemish town, we judge, perhaps Bruges, but did not learn the name, having no catalogue. Those quaint old houses with their rich carvings, their beetling walls almost meeting across the narrow streets, the picturesque stream of human life thronging the quays and marts, the life of to-day entwined with that of countless foregone generations, all have a charm for our alien eyes that makes these excellently painted pictures peculiarly interesting.

Then there are paintings of the modern German school, interiors wonderfully true in detail, and figures instinct with hearty, wholesome peasant life, comic or pathetic. The kitchen where the old toper sits smoking his pipe and rocking the baby's cradle is one of the best specimens we have ever seen. But we must not be tempted into an unreasonably long catalogue.

In looking at all that beauty which a reasonable amount of "filthy lucre" could bring to be an abiding household delight for any of us, we feel very strongly that there are a great many pleasant things that money can do, as well as good and useful ones. But the instrument is not always ready to the hand that would like to so use it, unluckily for us. However there are beautiful things growing nearer and nearer within the reach of all, as a look into the sale-room below this same gallery may prove to us. Engravings whose pearly light and soft shadow scarcely leave color to be desired; shadows of those shadows in photographs; statuettes where Rogers has caught and solidified the national life of to-day; chrome lithographs where well known paintings appear almost in fac-simile.

The improvements in this latter art are astonishing. A chrome-lithograph of Bierstadt's "Light and Shadow" is scarcely to be told from the painting itself, so completely are its effects preserved in the flickering light that streams through leaves and branches upon the flagged court and open doorway of the old church.

So the democratic tendencies of the age reach even into the kingdom of art, and, by their influ-

ences, uniting with other elements of well-being the freedom and equality claimed for all men by our Declaration of Independence becomes more and more a realized fact.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

A contemporary says:—

"When Solomon W. Roberts was superintendent of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, he invariably wrote for the press a full and faithful account of every accident that occurred on the road, and always furnished the accounts as promptly as it was possible to gather the details into an authentic form. He did not give a one-sided or partial narrative, colored to suit the interests of the company, but a statement of the facts as they really occurred; and he maintained that this was the true interest of every railroad company, inasmuch as the public would learn the facts sooner or later, and it was better that the information should be gathered from the railroad company at once, instead of being picked up through those likely to distort it to its injury."

If we had not ceased to wonder at anything that the Legislature of this state could do, we should wonder at its late action in refusing to compel our railroads to give immediate publicity to all accidents. Such publicity, whether for the benefit of the railroads or not, is the right of the passengers and their anxious friends—a right which far transcends all questions of mere money. As things are now, it is often next to impossible to ascertain where an accident really happened, what train or trains were concerned, and the names of the passengers injured. And this state of affairs, if we understand the recent action of the Legislature, is to continue, in order that railroad officers may be shielded from blame, and the stock of railroads from temporary depreciation.

SHADE TREES.

We are inclined to say "aye" very decidedly to the following remarks of our friends of the *Public Ledger* upon the trimming of trees:

"Every spring there is an assault upon the shade trees of our public parks, private gardens and sidewalks, under the delusion that the best way to make a tree flourish and assume a symmetrical form, is to cut and hack its limbs. In addition to 'improving' its appearance in this way, the pretext is that it is also necessary, in order to get rid of the worms. It is very questionable whether, instead of a remedy against the worms, this is not the cause of their finding a permanent lodgment upon the trees. Trees cannot be deprived of their limbs without leaving wounds, which ultimately become dead wood, and this forms nests for worms and insects, which destroy the life of a tree. A correspondent, who looks upon this annual tree surgery with as much dread as one would feel at the operating table of an army hospital, condemns the whole thing as a perversion of the laws which regulate vegetable life. A tree, if left to itself, will grow in harmony with its organic structure. You cannot make a maple into a buckeye, or a linden into a pine. There is a sufficient variety, however, to suit all tastes. In selecting, we should be careful to get the style of tree that suits our fancy, have it planted, and let nature develope its beautiful proportions. All dead, distorted or broken branches should be carefully removed, but beyond that the pruning knife should not go. By bending the branches, almost any desirable shape may be attained without serious injury. But the effort to crop a tree into a symmetrical shape is the climax of ignorance and folly. It seems a most inconsistent act to pay a nurseryman to plant a tree, and then to pay another to kill it. In the city, where the limbs of trees sometimes grow so long as to endanger the window-glass in a high wind, it may be necessary to trim them to keep them within bounds, but in the public parks and other places where there is abundant room to grow, the remedy for too thick a growth is the removal of all the weak and stunted trees. The vigorous ones should be left to grow as nature intended them, and not according to a mathematical form prescribed by some ignorant tree surgeon."

☞ We are indebted to the Hon. Leonard Myers, of the House of Representatives, for a copy of the Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for the year 1863.

Also to Hon. J. Donnely for the Statistics of the Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the United States.

To a Correspondent. "Religio Christi" has never been republished in book form to our knowledge.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Chateau Frenac; or, Home Scenes in France By Olive Logan, authoress of "Photographs of Paris Life," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

Too Strange Not to Be True. A Tale by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, authoress of "Ellen Middleton," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

The Refugee. By Herman Melville, author of "Typee," "Omoo," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

Strathmore; or, Wedded by His Own Hand. A Life Romance. By Ouida, author of "Granville de Vigne." Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

The Fairy Belle Waltz. By J. S. Hanbacon. Published by D. P. Faulds, Louisville, Ky.

☞ Children should not be allowed to ask for the same thing twice. This may be accomplished by parents, teachers, (or whoever may happen to have the management of them,) paying attention to their little wants, if proper, at once, when possible. The children should be instructed to understand that when they are not answered immediately, it is because it is not convenient.

☞ A sweet little girl, the daughter of a distinguished American poet, has on her face a mole or two, by which its beauty is somewhat marred. Hearing one day a compliment paid to her sister, she demurely asked, "Papa, would I be as pretty as sister if I wasn't mouldy?"

☞ A Lower Canada journal says: *Le Courier de St. Hyacinthe* states that the number of Canadians who have enlisted since the beginning of the war is placed at 42,000. Of this number 28,000 were French Canadians, no less than 14,000 of whom have died on the battle-field.

Signification of Colors.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Brown.

The philosopher Favorinus observes that a greater variety of colors is discerned by the eye than it is possible to express in words. If each shade represented an idea, and we could take in its varieties with the eye, the language of colors would be the means of extending thought and transmitting it in a more flexible manner. Such, however, is not the richness of these symbols. A score of their combinations will exhaust their determined vocabulary, and, in most languages, a name is not assigned to each.

Aulus Gellius has devoted a chapter to prove the poverty of the Greek and Latin in the designation of shades.* His observations bear principally upon the color which we call rouse in the author's Latin, *rufus* which the Romans used for a certain mixture of red and black, or of red and yellow, and other degradations or sombre shadings of red. In addition to this original obscurity, the Greek and Latin translators again threw these tints into confusion; so it is not always easy to determine what specific shade of color is meant in written documents. A similar difficulty surrounds the paintings of antiquity, and even those of the middle ages, which have necessarily undergone some alterations in the lapse of time.

The color of enamels and windows, likewise, is affected by the action of fire, for it is known that more or less baking alters the natural tints, as it does the quality of the mineral substances which may be employed. Brown, for example, sometimes appears to be composed of black and red, or of black and yellow; but the presence of the infernal color is sufficient to determine the thought of the artist. The primitive colors are always easy to distinguish, and the shades are only modifications of the predominant thought, which we need not mistake.

Fire in all the religions of antiquity was the symbol of Divine Love, and this is proved by the history of sacrifices.

Egoism, the love of self, the root of all crimes and vices, has, also, for its symbol, fire.

We find this two-fold acceptation of the symbol in Leviticus. We read that Ahab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, each took a censer "and put fire therein, and put incense thereon, and offered *strange fire* before the Lord, which he commanded them not: and there went out a fire from before the Lord and devoured them, and they died before the Lord."† The Bible, like the sacred books of all ancient nations, is written in symbolic language. That which is true of the Vedes and Puranas of India, the Kings of China, the Zend books of Persia, the Egyptian Anaglyphs, and the Greek and Roman Mythology, may be equally claimed for the Pentateuch. Even Voltaire might have reasonably been expected to admit this; and as for Christians, the evidence of Paul leaves them without excuse for overlooking the fact. He teaches us that the passage of the Red Sea, the manna of the desert, and the water springing from the rock, were not only facts, but also symbols.‡

Esau, the first-born, was red, and on this account was named *Edom*, that is to say, according to the Septuagint, the color of fire. The word *Edom* in the Book of Genesis, is used where Esau says to Jacob, "Give me, I pray thee, to eat of that *edom*," translated "red pottage." Doubtless the color of Esau, who was betrayed by his brother, and the food for which he sold his birthright, were symbolic.

A brown or tawny color was a sign of mourning, both in ancient times and the Middle Ages. The Jews wore a cloth of hair, either black or brown.§ In the ancient pictures, which represent the Passion of Christ, we frequently meet with figures in brown robes. Many religious orders adopted this costume as a symbol of their renunciation of the world, and of the conflict they were pledged to maintain with the evil powers.

The Moors attached the same ideas to this color. With them it was the emblem of all evil, and always imparted an evil signification to any other color with which it was allied. White and Brown denoted conceit or vanity. Red and Brown, loss of fortitude or strength; Green and Brown, laughter and lamentation; Black and Brown, sadness, the deepest grief; Blue and Brown, patience in adversity; Flesh-color and Brown, good and ill fortune, &c.

According to the Heraldic Art, brown is composed of gules and sables, or red and black. It was not employed in the Heraldry of France, but was adopted by other nations, and particularly by the English.‖ B. Z. S.

* Aulî Gelli Noctes Atticæ. lib. ii., cap. 26.
† Leviticus x., 1. Compare Num. iii., 4, xxvi., 61, and 1 Chronicles xxiv., 2.
‡ 1 Corinthians chap. x
§ Andre Lons: Costumes de l'Antiquite.
‖ See *La Colombiere's Science Heroique*, p. 33.

Sherman's Progress.—The account which we gave yesterday of Gen. Sherman's progress proves how little the arduous campaign he is undertaking has affected his army. The troops entered Columbia in the "best condition," says the rebel account, the men well clothed and "well shod, and marched as if they had just started on their expedition." No testimony could be more favorable than this, both for the condition and discipline of the troops and their ultimate success. An army of better material or more thoroughly disciplined, probably never existed. The complete control the commander has over the troops is shown in the recorded fact that notwithstanding the accidental conflagration at Columbia, no private residences were entered and no outrage was committed. Troops that can march victoriously through an enemy's country and put this restraint upon themselves, are capable of accomplishing any enterprize that resolution and duty can impel them to.—*Public Ledger.*

A Confession.—Blakely, the inventor of the most efficient gun the British have, in a letter to the London Post, speaking of the attack on Fort Fisher, makes the following admission:—

"Most of the guns were more powerful than any gun mounted on any fort in England, or on any English ship (except one, which has a few of the valuable nine inch one hundred pounders, ordered by the Duke of Somerset) yet they failed to injure the Federal fleet. It follows that that fleet could attack Portsmouth or Plymouth with more impunity than Fort Fisher, so far as artillery fire is concerned."

The English mind is just beginning to see clearly or acknowledge candidly what the present war is doing for the development of the military and naval power of the United States. Admiral Porter says, with the Monadnock, he could lay any British port under contribution. Mr. Blakely says the same thing.

THE SEASON OF LENT.

Its Observance and Duties.

The term Lent is from the Saxon *lengthentide*, meaning to lengthen, and has reference to the lengthening of the days, or spring-time. It indicates the great yearly spring fast preparatory to the rising of Christ from the grave. The blissful hopes of the Resurrection throws in a chastened light over the dark days of repentance and shame.

The time when Lent begins is determined by reckoning backwards forty days from Easter, excluding the Sundays, which are always feast days, and not a part of the great fast. They are like the oases in the desert, and give relief to the repentant and mournful time. Easter always falls on the Sunday after the first full moon which occurs after the vernal equinox, commencing with the Passover Feast.

The example and command of our blessed Lord, who, fulfilling all righteousness, "fasted forty days," the practice of His Holy Apostles, the profitable precept and usage of Christ's Church from the beginning, and the adaptation of special seasons of religious discipline to the wants of human nature—these reasons all have peculiar force in these times of suffering by war, of social prodigality and self-indulgence for the faithful observance of the religious season.

Ash Wednesday is the first day of Lent, and, with the exception of Good Friday and Passion Week, is the most solemn observance of the Christian year. Christ's people then watch and pray with him in the wilderness; ceasing from pleasures, they meditate on his sufferings for them. Ash Wednesday has its name from the Scriptural Association of ashes and sackcloth with a penitent frame. One of the collects peculiarly expressive of the spirit of the season is used every day throughout Lent. In the lines of the two great prophets, Moses and Elijah, whose experience, as well as their express words, anticipates the personal ministry of the Messiah, we find sanctions for the observance of this season. They fasted forty days. Thus the three great personages who met at the Mount of Transfiguration, in a sublime council on the august mystery of mediation, by which the everlasting redemption of our race was to be accomplished, (Luke, ix. 3, &c.,) were all our examples in this duty of bodily self-denial. It is one of many impressive evidences of the consistency of the Divine Plan and the unity of the whole Bible. The sacred history before the great Pascal Lamb suffered was all a typical and moral preparation for that sacrifice. The history of the Church ever since is a celebration of it. In the Prophets, in the Apostles, in the Church, in the Divine Head himself, the forty days of fasting prepare for the "Passover." The season is specially intended for self-examination. Each is to find out and acknowledge the plague of his own heart, and must determine in his own heart the kind and measure of his abstinence. The Church of Christ has no law on that matter. The Kingdom does not stand on meats and drinks, but on the faith in and obedience to Christ. These are not perfect when we leave out what he has enjoined. The outward Lent aids the inward. There is no *merit* in fasting, but "it is good that the heart be established with grace," and one way of so establishing it is to "sanctify a fast." The duties of Lent are embraced in the following rules:

1. A watchful and guarded every-day life in respect to all practical righteousness, including justice, charitableness, kindness, patience, evenness of temper, modesty, and the government of the tongue.

2. Increased time devoted to religious retirement and the study of God's Word, as well as to active benevolence.

3. Faithful daily self-examination with reference to personal, domestic, social, and national sin.

4. A strict abatement of all parties of entertainment and public amusements.

5. Self-denial in appetite, dress, and other worldly pleasures, or fasting—bringing under the body—to chasten the spirit and deepen the sense of dependence in God.

6. A frequent, punctual, and reverent attendance at the Sanctuary, seeking the special blessings promised to those who love the Lord's house, and a careful ordering of all arrangements in the family. In business and private affairs, to secure this benefit.

7. A scrupulous economy, with a systematic setting apart in charity of liberal sums, *in addition to the regular Tenth, which is not a gift, but belongs always to the Lord, for His own use.*

☞ Coming Down.—Potatoes in Maine are selling at seventy-five cents a bushel, and considered a drug in the market. Eggs are selling in New Bedford at twenty-five cents a dozen, a fall of nineteen cents in a week.

☞ "I want to buy a sewing-machine," said an old lady, entering a shop. "Do you wish a machine with a feller?" blandly inquired the clerk. "Sakes, no; don't want any of yer fellers about me."

☞ "Sir," said a sturdy beggar to a benevolent man, "please to give me a quarter; I am hungry and unable to procure food." The quarter was given, when the beggar said: "You have done a noble deed. You have saved me from something which I fear I will yet have to come to." "What is that?" said the benefactor. "*Work*," was the mournful answer.

☞ A Paris felon recently made a little French speech from the gallows as follows: "Young men, take warning by me. Falling in love with a woman was my first downward step." It will be a satisfaction to the ladies to know that the fellow was immediately swung off.

☞ A man was found sleeping on the sidewalk in New York, on Saturday night, and was taken to the police-station. He had nothing on but a shirt, and his clothing was found neatly packed away on a door-step. He evidently thought that he had gone comfortably to bed.

☞ The Burlington (Vt) Times speaks of a gentleman, who, on hearing of the fall of Fort Sumter, vowed that he would never cut his hair till "Old Glory" should float again over the Fort. His time of trial has been longer than he anticipated, and his hair has grown into anaconda-like coils, his tresses becoming thick-plated, stout, and strong. But he is at liberty to ply his shears, and sweep away this great reminder of the opening scenes of the war.

☞ The number of children in Pennsylvania between the ages of five and twenty-one years, was:

In the cities, (estimated,)	447,469
In rural districts,	860,353

☞ Where Born?—A householder, in filling up his schedule for the last census, under the column headed "where born," described one of his children as born "in the parlor," and the other "up-stairs."

The Three Wishes.

The eastern origin of this tale seems evident; had it been originally composed in a northern land, it is probable that the king would have been represented as dethroned by means of bribes obtained from his own treasury. In an eastern country the story-teller who invented such a just termination of his narrative would, most likely, have experienced the fate intended for his hero, as a warning to others how they suggested such treasonable ideas. Herr Simrock, however, says it is a German tale; but it may have had its origin in the East for all that. Nothing is more difficult indeed than to trace a popular tale to its source; Cinderella, for example, belongs to nearly all nations; even among the Chinese, a people so different to all European nations, there is a popular story which reads almost exactly like it. Here is the tale of the Three Wishes.

There was once a wise emperor who made a law, that to every stranger who came to his court a fried fish should be served. The servants were directed to take notice, if, when the stranger had eaten the fish to the bone on one side, he turned it over and began on the other side. If he did, he was to be immediately seized, and on the third day thereafter he was to be put to death. But, by a great stretch of imperial clemency, the culprit was permitted to utter one wish each day, which the emperor pledged himself to grant, provided it was not to spare his life. Many had already perished in consequence of this edict, when, one day, a count and his young son presented themselves at court. The fish was served as usual, and when the count had removed all the fish from one side, he turned it over, and was about to commence on the other, when he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison, and was told of his approaching doom. Sorrow-stricken, the count's young son besought the emperor to allow him to die in the room of his father; a favor which the monarch was pleased to accord him. The count was accordingly released from prison, and his son was thrown into his cell in his stead. As soon as this had been done, the young man said to his gaolers—"You know I have the right to make three demands before I die: go and tell the emperor to send me his daughter, and a priest to marry us." This first demand was not much to the emperor's taste, nevertheless he felt bound to keep his word, and he therefore complied with the request, to which the princess had no kind of objection. This occurred in the times when kings kept their treasures in a cave, or in a tower set apart for the purpose, like the Emperor of Morocco in these days; and on the second day of his imprisonment the young man demanded the king's treasures. If his first demand was a bold one, the second was not less so; still, an emperor's word is sacred, and having made the promise, he was forced to keep it; and the treasures of gold and silver and jewels were placed at the prisoner's disposal. On getting possession of them, he distributed them profusely among the courtiers, and soon he had made a host of friends by his liberality.

The emperor began now to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose early on the third morning and went, with fear in his heart, to the prison to hear what the third wish was to be.

"Now," said he to his prisoner, "tell me what your third demand is, that it may be granted at once, and you may be hung out of hand, for I am tired of your demands."

"Sire," answered his prisoner, "I have but one more favor to request of your majesty, which, when you have granted, I shall die content. It is merely that you will cause the eyes of those who saw my father turn the fish over to be put out."

"Very good," replied the emperor, "your demand is but natural, and springs from a good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized," he continued, turning to his guards.

"I, sire!" cried the chamberlain; "I did not see anything—it was the steward."

"Let the steward be seized then," said the king.

But the steward protested with tears in his eyes, that he had not witnessed anything of what had been reported, and said it was the butler. The butler declared that he had seen nothing of the matter, and that it must have been one of the valets. But they protested that they were utterly ignorant of what had been charged against the count; in short, it turned out that nobody could be found who had seen the count commit the offence, upon which the princess said:—

"I appeal to you, my father, as to another Solomon. If nobody saw the offence committed, the count cannot be guilty, and my husband is innocent."

The emperor frowned, and forthwith the courtiers began to murmur; then he smiled, and immediately their visages became radiant.

"Let it be so," said his majesty; "let him live, though I have put many a man to death for a lighter offence than his. But if he is not hung, he is married. Justice has been done."

Opportunity for Invention.—A farmer in Illinois says: "Farmers want a better plough: one that will scour perfectly, and one that will not let any dirt fall in on the land side, nor over the mold board into the furrow; one that will not catch drift under any circumstances. Any man who can get up a plough of this description will be a national benefactor. Next, we want a combined reaper and mower that will cut as low as one inch, and as high as twenty-six. We want the straw of our grass, if we choose, left on the ground where it belongs; and also want to shave our meadows clean if we like." These wants, of course, are general to agriculturists, any one of our inventors who supplies them will be sure to reap a handsome reward. Is there not skill enough among our intelligent mechanics to invent something that will answer such wants?

☞ A worthy man visited a medium, to witness the wonders of spiritual rappings. He had lived twelve years with a notorious shrew, who at last died, soon after which he married a young woman of comely person and pleasant disposition. On inquiring if any spirits were present, he was answered by raps in the affirmative. "Who?" "The spirit of Melinda, your deceased wife." "Ah!" exclaimed he, with a gesture of alarm; but recovering himself, he kindly inquired, "Are you satisfied with your condition?" "Yes." "Are you happy?" "Perfectly so," replied the spirit. "So am I!" gratified exclaimed the ungallant inquirer, as he turned upon his heel and walked off.

☞ An Unknown Region.—There is, it is said, a space of 1,131,000 square miles around the north pole, which is now a blank in our maps.

LATEST NEWS.

Army of the Potomac advices of the 9th say that quiet continues in that department. The troops are being drilled daily, and new arms, clothing, &c., have been issued preparatory to the coming campaign. Deserters still come in, though not so numerous as heretofore. The First Corps advanced their picket lines on the morning of the 9th, and found colored pickets in their front.

Sherman has occupied Cheraw, S. C., which is a very few miles from North Carolina. This intelligence is from a private letter from Wilmington, which announces the arrival of one of Sherman's scouts at General Terry's headquarters.

Suffolk, Va., it is reported by late rebel papers, was occupied on the 1st by a force of 1,500 cavalry and a regiment of negroes. It is supposed that this party intends a raid upon the Weldon Railroad.

Gen. Lee reports to the rebel War Department that Gen. Bragg fought the Union forces five miles in front of Kingston, N. C., on the 8th, and drove them from their position. The rebels captured three guns and 1,500 prisoners.

Gen. Wade Hampton has been notified by Gen. Sherman that in consequence of the murder of his foragers a similar number of rebel prisoners will be executed in the same manner.

Co. B, 6th North Carolina cavalry, raised in the western part of the state, came into our lines at Newbern on the 6th, with their horses, arms, accoutrements, &c.

The rebel Senate has passed the bill to arm the negroes.

☞ The high price of pasteboard for boxes has led to the invention of a substitute composed of wood glued or pasted together, the grain of one running across the other. It is made in sheets of the size of pasteboard, and manufactured into boxes in the same manner.

☞ A young lady of Newark, Ohio, named Maggie Elliott, recently died under the following circumstances: She left her father's house in company with her young associates, for an evening visit at the residence of a neighbor, and while amusing themselves "hunting the thimble," Maggie became possessor of it, and placing it in her mouth to hide it from the others, accidentally swallowed it, producing internal injuries which terminated in her death.

☞ In the recent election in Australia, many of the voters were naturalized Chinese, who, being free from political prejudices, sold their votes to the highest bidder. In one town about thirty of them were bought at eight shillings each, and tutored to answer "yes" to every question asked them at the polls. The opposite party had a hint of this, however, and the first question proposed was: "Have you voted before at this election?" An affirmative answer secured for the would-be voter an unceremonious packing off. Two or three who got through this ordeal had been instructed to scratch the first three names on the printed ballot. Like genuine Chinamen as they were, they took the paper upside down, and erased the very names they had been paid to vote for.

☞ Those who come into our lines from the confederate armies insist that the rebels have no right to blame them. They say they have not deserted—merely seceded.

☞ Five men were suffocated at Quincy, Illinois, last Friday, in consequence of blowing out the gas in their room at the hotel, on retiring for the night, instead of turning it off, thus leaving the gas to escape and fill their room. They were found insensible in the morning, and all died.

☞ Brazilian Beetles.—The jewellers are now doing a considerable trade in Brazilian beetles, by setting them in gold or silver, to form bracelets, necklets, brooches, &c. The beetles chiefly used are found in immense numbers at Bahai, and they are brought to England in the Brazilian mail packets. The beetles are of small size, and their colors are green and gold. They are caught in nets to prevent their mutilation, and are sold at about 1s each in this country.—*London paper.*

☞ A sergeant in the United States army, who with a small party of soldiers had been sent out on a scouting expedition from Fort Defiance, New Mexico, finding himself beset by four hundred Indians, tied a tin cup, filled with pebbles confined by a cloth fastened over the top, to a dog's tail, wrote a note and fastened it to the dog's collar, and then let him loose. The terrified animal of course made the quickest possible time to the fort, the note was observed and read, and a rescue party was sent out, which arrived just in time to save the lives of the sergeant and his men.

☞ M. Terrell, a French savant, a few weeks ago perfected his aqueous experiments at Paris, and succeeded in boiling water in pots made of *writing paper* and other such attenuated materials. A learned report was made by him to the Chemical Society of Paris, on the methods adopted and the phenomenon evolved in the experiments, which has conferred great honor on the ingenious philosopher. La Perouse, in 1786, says the California Indians at Monterey used to boil their *atole* or porridge of acorns in straw baskets over the fire, by keeping them in rapid revolution.

☞ It is estimated that the oil products of Venango county, Pa., is at least 10,000 barrels daily. This, at the average price of ten dollars, at the wells, which is a low average, is over thirty-one million dollars a year. The number of wells on Oil creek, in July, 1862, was seven hundred. At the present time the number of wells down, and going down, in the county, is estimated at between three and four thousand.

☞ The editor of the San Francisco News Letter, in giving a parting salute to the Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, said: "May you blow, Bellows, until death rudely stops your wind, and may no curious doctor, after death, cut you open to see where it all came from."

☞ A Paris letter says: "General McClellan intends to prolong his sojourn in Paris for some weeks, and thence go to Rome and Dresden, with the intention of spending next summer in the south of France, and returning to America next autumn."

☞ The Aroostook (Me.) Pioneer says that farmers in Aroostook county are getting $40 per ton for their hay, and yet they complain that they can get nothing for what they raise.

☞ A case is pending in the New York Supreme Court in which a child was left in pawn or pledge for the payment of a debt.

☞ A benevolent citizen has paid all the widows' taxes in West Point, Pennsylvania.

☞ Do the inhabitants in the neighborhood of Vesuvius suffer from eruptions?

BABY ANNIE.

Baby Annie wants the moon—
The great moon, so round and still,
Peeping o'er the window-sill,
And she thinks she'll have it soon!
See her eager fingers work!
How their dimples come and go,
As her plump hands flutter so,
Grasping at the silver cirque.

Oh, she thinks if she could reach
Just a *little more*—that's all,
She would pick that shining ball
As her mamma picks a peach.
There! she has it! How she crows!
No: it slipped her! but there lingers
Liquid moonlight on her fingers,
Like dew shaken from a rose.

Ah, but Baby Annie knows
She can get it if she tries,
With her hungry mouth, or eyes,
Or her fingers, or her toes!
For they all lay hold and clinch
With a fluttering eagerness,
Seeming only just to miss
By the fraction of an inch.

Baby Annie wins her prize!
Though the round moon slips away,
All its light and beauty stay,
Held by foot, and hand, and eyes.
Stretching to the things afar,
Little bosoms swell with vigor,
Little hearts within grow bigger,
Winning more than moon and star.

Baby Annie, there are many
Fully grown, who in the blue
Seek, as eagerly as you,
Things beyond the reach of any;
If as purely seeking, surely
They shall find, or late or soon,
All the whiteness of the moon
Through their white souls smile demurely.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

LITTLE ROSEY;
Or, The Stolen Child.

(CONCLUDED.)

Time went on his way unheeding; days summed themselves into weeks, weeks into months. Arthur returned from his travels; the preparations began for the wedding. All this time we had heard nothing of Rosey; our endeavors had utterly failed, and were at length abandoned in despair. Sometimes the fancy crossed our minds (my wife's and mine) that the child had been reclaimed by her unknown kindred—that she was dwelling among them, happy perchance; but then, why were we kept in ignorance? She, our loving Rosey, would not have then maintained silence; no, it could not be she was happy. Sometimes we pictured her guarded by some grim ogre, who forbade her all communication with us, and sometimes we mourned her as dead. The shadow of this cloud hanging over her fate was felt by everybody who had known her: Mrs. Melwood, on the eve of the realization of the dream of her life; Sophia, happy in her love, trusting with a perfect trust in him who was to be her husband; both were sensible of its presence. And Arthur—who could tell what might be his feelings? His apparent devotion to Sophia was admirable. I observed, however, that he avoided my eye, and it seemed to me at times there was a gloom upon his spirits which became not an expectant bridegroom. He had, probably, ceased to fear I should betray the confession he made to me in Paris, for he never sought to bind me by a promise, never again referred to the subject.

Wedding festivities suited ill either my wife's feelings or my own; knowing, however, that the bride and her mother, both of whom we esteemed highly, would be hurt by our denial, we forced ourselves to appear among the gay and numerous throng which assembled to witness the marriage of the cousins. It was a sultry day in August. My wife told me afterwards she had a presentiment all through the ceremony that something would happen to disturb it, that the electric clouds which charged the heavy air would burst, and a falling thunderbolt bring the old church tower down in destruction on our heads, or that Rosey herself, like a ghost from its grave, would appear to stop the service in the middle. It was not so, however. The elements seemed preternaturally still; not a breath so much as stirred a leaf of the ancient elms, standing like tall majestic sentinels in the churchyard; no sound of heaven or earth interrupted the clergyman in his full-toned sonorous reading of the words of the Prayer-book. Arthur and Sophia Melwood were pronounced man and wife. A few minutes more, and amid the merry peal of the bells, through festal arches and waving branches, the long line of carriages swept rapidly along from the church porch up the stately avenue to the Elizabethan gateway of the Grange. The breakfast was a grand display; gorgeous plate, many-colored flowers, ferns with their delicate green fronds of fairy-like structure, choice viands and sparkling wines—everything that could delight the eye, or minister to the enjoyment of the palate, was there. Arthur's speech on the occasion was an average specimen of oratory. A few tears were shed as the farewells were spoken, and then the happy pair took their departure for the Continent, Arthur now proposing himself the pleasure of showing to his bride those scenes he had so recently visited.

They had been gone some weeks, but there was yet no talk of their return, when the news came—news of the lost one. It came from a quarter whence we had least expected it. A letter was addressed to me by the principal physician in the town of Chesterton, where I had lived as a bachelor, and spent the first years of my married life up to the time of our removal to the neighborhood of Melwood. Dr. Welbred had been a particularly kind friend to Rosey in her childhood. He now wrote:—"If you wish to see the dear girl alive, come at once. It is her own request. She is too ill to go to you—too weak even to write. All shall be told on your arrival."

It may be imagined we lost not an hour, my wife and I, and, before close of that same day, were at Chesterton, and at Dr. Welbred's house.

"Where is she, our darling Rosey?"

"You shall see her directly," said the doctor, whose welcome of us was full of sympathy; "but you must be prepared for a great change."

"Will our coming hurt her—agitate her too much in her weak state?" inquired my wife, shrinking back.

"No; she is prepared, she expects, and is longing to see you. Too much speaking is hurtful, indeed, but still I think it will relieve her mind, and be well for her to tell her own story."

So saying, he led the way to a room on the upper floor. There, on a couch, propped up by pillows, she lay, and, at the first sight of us, held out both her arms with a joyful exclamation, then fell back exhausted with that small effort. She was sadly changed, indeed; not less—rather more beautiful than before, but it was a beauty too evidently not long for earth. Her frame, always slight, was now wasted to a shadow, and the light in her eye, the hectic flush on her cheek—everything about her spoke of "passing away." Reproach for her desertion of us died out of our hearts at the sight, and one long embrace sealed her forgiveness.

"Darling mamma!" she murmured—"my more than mother, I have deceived you; but then—oh! forgive me for saying it—it was you who deceived me first!" Seeing astonishment written on both our faces, she went on: "Yes, I know everything now: how you sheltered my friendless infancy—how you took me to your loving, generous hearts when I was without one claim of kindred."

"Who was it told you this, Rosey?" we asked together.

A deeper flush rose to the sick girl's cheek.

"It was Arthur Melwood," she said. "He heard the story from some one from this neighborhood who was at Christ Church with him, to whom he had chanced to mention my name."

"And he repeated his information to you? It was worthy of him, truly," I muttered. I could not wholly suppress the indignant feeling within me.

"It was not long before I left my home—my dear home," went on Rosey, glancing fondly at us both; "it was when he told me he loved me. You knew he had done this?" she said, not perceiving the expected surprise on our countenances. We nodded a silent assent. "I was very angry with him," she proceeded, in a sweetly humble tone, as though here rather than his had been the fault; "I spoke of the treachery to Sophia, but alas, my own heart accused me bitterly of hitherto unsuspected treachery. When he spoke to me of his love, I then discovered that I had all along unconsciously loved him. Do not upbraid me," she said, looking beseechingly into our faces; "I have never ceased, indeed, to upbraid myself. And I did not tell Arthur my discovery—oh no, I gave him only hard and bitter words. He declared he did not love Sophia; that he could not marry her; he urged me to consent to a private marriage; to fly with him when he went abroad. Indignantly I replied, that if I had loved him better than all the world besides (an 'if' the truth of which he never dreamt), I would die rather than act so basely by my friend Sophia—by my beloved parents. At the mention of this word he laughed—a cruel, derisive laugh. He told me I had no parents; that those I held as such were strangers in name and blood, who had adopted me solely out of feelings of compassion. It was not in the nature of things, he said, that they could love me as a daughter. I was without name or kindred, might it not be well that I should pause before I rejected a true and honest love? This was a tone I could not endure. I tore myself away, and never saw him again save in the presence of others, when we scarcely exchanged a word together. But there was a load on my heart; it was intolerable to me that I should love this man, betrothed to another, and who I felt had acted an unworthy part by me. I would strangle the feeling, even if the struggle cost me my life. I could not do this, however, under your dear, watchful eyes, in the neighborhood of Melwood; sharing the daily companionship of Sophia, to keep my secret would have been impossible. Then came the thought—was I really nobody's child? I loved you—oh, my kind, adopted parents, God only knows how dearly—yet if you were in truth not my parents, was it unnatural there should rise within me a longing—more than that, a set purpose—to discover whose child I was? I would go to Chesterton, to the home of my childhood, in the first place, and see what I could learn there. I laid my little plan accordingly, but, oh, how hard the deceit was to keep up! How my heart longed towards you in that hour when I wished you good-by as though for the brief separation of a few days! I know it might be for months—for years, perchance—and I nearly betrayed myself and discovered all. I travelled by way of London to Chesterton; I sought Dr. Welbred, took him into my confidence, and held him to a promise of keeping my secret. So far as the story of my unknown parentage went, he was able to tell me that Arthur had not deceived me. It was in vain the good doctor declared his opinion that the search after my kindred would now be utterly hopeless; in vain he assured me that everything that could be done had been done years before; in vain he urged me to abandon the idea, and return to the friends who loved me, and had the best claim on my affection; in vain he showed me your advertisement, imploring me to return. I felt it could not be. I dreaded, however, lest my whereabouts should be discovered, and although no one had as yet any idea of my being at Chesterton, I knew that here I was not safe. Besides, shut up in the doctor's house, not daring to venture forth, where was the chance of attaining my object—the object for which I had determined henceforth to live? I begged Dr. Welbred to use his influence to procure for me a situation as travelling companion, or governess to a family going abroad. He had told me that the woman who had so ruthlessly abandoned me in my infancy—(how I clung to the belief in her reported assertion that she was not my mother!)—he told me it had been said there was something foreign in her air and appearance. Might there not be a better chance of my meeting her abroad, and drawing from her the secret of my birth? At last I brought the doctor to accede to my request. He heard of a widow lady—a Mrs. Bertrand—who was seeking a companion—a tolerable linguist—to accompany her on a tour through France and Italy. Through the doctor's recommendation I succeeded in obtaining the situation, under the assumed name of Miss Haythorne.

"It is not necessary I should say much of Mrs. Bertrand; she was a gentle lady, and treated me with unvarying kindness. In all our travels I failed to make one step towards the accomplishment of my purpose. I discovered nothing. Once—at Florence it was—Arthur crossed our path; I managed, however, to avoid recognition, and the next day we left the place. It was during the winter in Rome that the cough first began to trouble me. Mrs. Bertrand wished me to have advice; for a long time I put it off; at length she would no longer be gainsaid. They said my lungs were affected, and that there was something on my mind, which, if not removed, would accelerate the disease. The best thing for me would be a return to my native air. 'My native air!' The words added to my pain. Where was I born? I knew as little as the unthinking doctor. Soon we were journeying towards England. Mrs. Bertrand was very anxious to restore me to my friends, for I was every day growing weaker, and a burden instead of a help to her. No one could have been kinder; she brought me herself to this house only three days ago. I knew then—Dr. Welbred did not attempt to conceal it from me—that there was no hope of recovery for me, and my one wish now was to see and be forgiven by those beloved ones who for so many years had suffered me to miss nothing of parental love."

She paused; her voice had grown very faint towards the close of her narrative, and finally dropped in a whisper. A violent fit of coughing ensued. When she was somewhat restored to calmness, we besought her not to attempt to speak further. We called her our own darling child, assured her again and again we had ever loved her as such. But she made a new effort to render her voice audible.

"I have done," she said, smiling faintly; "but you have yet the strangest part to hear. A few hours after my arrival at this house, there came some one inquiring after me."

She made a sign to the doctor, who left the room, almost immediately returning accompanied by a middle-aged woman dressed in black. "Was this Rosey's nurse?" I asked myself, and looked at her again. Then I recognized her instantly, in spite of the changes of more than seventeen years. It was the strange companion with whom I had ridden that short distance inside the coach to Bilbrough—it was the woman who had so cruelly deserted Rosey in her babyhood. She was altered, certainly; less, however, by the marks of age than by the absence of the dark, vindictive expression formerly written on her countenance, which now bore the impress only of a deep, settled melancholy. She was still what might be called handsome, very handsome by admirers of a fine, classic outline of feature, and the raven tresses were but lightly streaked with gray.

"I see you know me," she said, in a voice low-toned and sad, which recalled to my mind, notwithstanding the accentuation of the harsh monosyllables, the little all of speech that fell from her lips in my hearing in the bygone time. "My confession has been said once already. I am, however, prepared to repeat the tale of guilt and shame whenever you may desire it."

"Not here, again in this presence, with my consent," said Dr. Welbred. "Rosey has been already too much fatigued, and must now be left to rest."

There was the exchange of a few more loving words with the dear invalid, and then we obeyed the doctor's behest, and quitted the apartment.

Later in the day I listened to the following story. I give it, as nearly as I can recollect, in the narrator's own words:

"My father was an English clergyman, my mother an Italian. He died while I was yet in my cradle, and I lost my mother too before I had completed my tenth year. We had been living in Italy from the time of my father's death, and my mother's relatives there were desirous of adopting me. My father, however, had in his will appointed his own brother my guardian, and the latter sent for me to England immediately the news reached him of the decease of my last surviving parent. My uncle and aunt—for he was a married man—received me kindly. They had one only child, a daughter, and it was their hope we should love one another as sisters. A vain hope it proved; there never was any affection between us. Rose was some years younger than I, and I held aloof and affected to disdain her companionship. In person we were as unlike as in mind. She was fair as the morning, I dark as the night; she was gay and light-hearted, and of a gentle temper, while I was reserved, proud, and passionate. We had a governess at first; however, as it was soon discovered we required a totally different training one from the other, this lady was dismissed, and we were sent to separate schools.

"My cousin was still at hers when I came out, and first met Walter Stanmore. In a little time he professed to love me. We became engaged. Walter was heir to a large property; in justice to myself, however, I must say this had nothing to do with my affection for him. I loved him for himself alone. I was, however, of so jealous a temper that I could scarcely endure him to speak to any girl but myself, and when after a time Rose came home from school, and he appeared struck with her baby face, as I called it, I was beside myself with rage, and began positively to hate my cousin. My temper and conduct were such that there was every excuse for Walter seeking to break off his engagement with me, as at length he did. When this was afterwards followed by his engagement to Rose, I felt the same house could no longer hold her and myself. I was now of age, my little fortune was in my own power, I need be dependent on nobody. So I left my uncle's house. Nobody affected sorrow; my vile temper had rendered me more feared than loved. For a year or more I wandered like an unquiet spirit from place to place, seeking rest but finding none. I made no new friends; my position was naturally considered doubtful by strangers—so young, so handsome, so entirely independent and alone.

"At length the desire to see Walter once more drew me irresistibly back to the neighborhood of the home I had so abruptly quitted. Without being seen I saw him; he was just on the point of marriage with my cousin Rose. Again I fled from the sight of their happiness. Recklessly, within the next few months, I gave my hand to a man I despised—a gambler and adventurer. He used me cruelly, and in little more than a year succeeded in dissipating nearly the whole of my little fortune and drinking himself to death. We were living abroad at the time. I was no sooner a widow than I returned to England, once more haunted by the desire to learn what had become of Walter. I knew that he had now succeeded to the property to which he was formerly the expectant heir, and I pictured him and Rose living in all the luxury of wealth, in all the joy of mutual love and happiness, at Stanmore Hall. On reaching the village, however, I was told there was heavy sorrow impending over the great house. Typhus fever of a malignant type had attacked the master, and he had that morning been given up by the doctors. His young wife was said to be beside herself in her grief; and, in spite of the danger of infection, could not be torn away from her husband's bedside. Their only child, a little girl not a year old, had been sent away with her nurse to a safe distance.

"Horrible to relate, a fiendish kind of joy took possession of me at these tidings. I should be revenged on her I hated. She who had stolen my lover from me had enjoyed but a short-lived happiness. My hatred of her had now completely overmastered my former love for him, and the hearing he was dying gave me comparatively little pain. I immediately abandoned my first design of hiding myself in the background. I went boldly up to the Hall, sent in my name, and desired to see my cousin. I laughed to myself at the fear of infection; this fear had, however, sufficed to keep all her friends away from Rose, and in the desolation of her misery she appeared to have forgotten the past, and threw herself into my arms for sympathy and comfort. As well might she have turned to the savage, bloodthirsty lord of some Indian jungle. I dissembled my feelings, however, and she penetrated not the mask. Within a few hours of my entry into the house, Walter Stanmore breathed his last. As I gazed upon his altered features in death, the triumphant feeling that I was revenged was still predominant. The next day Rose was delirious in the fever. My worst fear was that she should die. She should *not* die, but live to suffer as I had suffered. The tenderest affection could not have nursed her more carefully than did my bitter hate. While her life yet hung in the balance, news came from the nurse that the child was ill; they must have carried the infection with them to ———, for the doctor pronounced her disorder to be of a typhoid nature. My vengeance now seemed nearing completion—the child should die, the mother live in widowed, childless desolation. My patient was, in truth, better the following day; the fever had left her; she was extremely weak, however; the greatest care was still necessary. No word must be spoken to agitate her, no allusion to her husband's death, or the sickness of her absent child, permitted. It seemed, indeed, as though Rose's illness had wrought oblivion, her composure was so extraordinary; she asked no question, she breathed no complaint.

"My scheme of complete vengeance was, however, not to be so easily accomplished as I had imagined. Tidings came that the child was better—almost out of danger. Was I thus to be cheated of half my triumph? The idea was gall and wormwood to me. Strange fancies haunted my slumber that night; the next day I had formed my design. Rose, my cousin, was so much better, my presence was no longer necessary to her; I might safely resign my charge into other hands. I told her I was obliged to leave her for a few days, but would return as soon as possible. She received my intimation almost in silence, offering no remonstrance, making no inquiry concerning the direction or the object of my journey. In another hour I was on my way to the sea-side village, where the nurse and infant were residing.

"What sort of a person, I wondered to myself, was this nurse? Might she, perchance, be tampered with—tempted to a base and wicked action? When I saw her I doubted; the child was continuing to improve, and the woman's outspoken joy had every appearance of sincerity. She inquired also after her mistress with all the tokens of respectful affection. It would be necessary to pause before discovering my plan. Before long, however, a greed of gain was accidentally manifested on her part. Then cautiously, by degrees, I admitted her to my confidence. It was far from my intention to do the child any harm, but, once fully assured of this, would she, the nurse, be willing for a sum of money—say a hundred pounds—to give it up into my hands, and join with me in representing to the mother that it had died of the fever? The nurse hesitated; the sum was large, the temptation great, but there was the fear of discovery afterwards. There should be no chance of that, I assured her. I would take every precaution; she might trust to me. The mother would never doubt our tale, but, supposing she did so doubt, proofs should be forthcoming that must bring conviction. The woman's hesitation ceased; henceforth she entered heart and soul into my plan, and, so soon as little Rose was entirely recovered, we conveyed her to an obscure, remote village, where lived some friends of the nurse, poor people, who gladly and without suspicion agreed to undertake charge of the child for a consideration, until I, the mother, as they were told, should return to fetch it away in the course of a few weeks. We, the nurse and I, were now free to return to Stanmore Hall. We sent no notice of our coming, and the servants looked their wonder at the nurse's appearance without the child. No question was, however, ventured in my presence; I was myself the questioner. How was Mrs. Stanmore? Much better, was the reply. She had gone out for a short drive that day for the first time, and had not yet returned. I was rejoiced to hear it, bade the nurse retire out of the way, and said I would await Mrs. Stanmore's return in the library.

"About half an hour afterwards she entered. The exercise had brought a slight flush to her pale cheek, and the delicacy of her appearance, enhanced by the deep mourning weeds she wore, might have melted a heart of stone. Mine was harder, I think. She came up to me, and kissed me affectionately. 'My dear Margaret,' she began, 'I am so glad to see you. I was so much better, the doctor would have me out to-day. But why have you never written to me, and where have you been? Nurse has never written either, lately. Oh! Margaret, I am longing so to see my darling baby! I wished to die at first, but it was very wicked of me, I know, and I can thank God now for restoring me to life for the sake of my child—*our* child,' she repeated, with quivering lip. 'The doctor says there is no longer any danger of infection, and I am going to write to nurse to-day, and tell her to bring baby home.' Again a momentary ray of happiness passed over her sweet, sad face, and it was my hand which extinguished it into unutterable darkness. Without one throb of pity I told my false, my cruel tale; how that I had gone to her baby when it was ill in the fever, how I had kept the news from her in her then weak state, and how the child was dead, and I had come back to break the tidings to her by word of mouth. The nurse was with me; would she—Rose—like to see her? There was no reply, no token she had heard me, save what was written in her face. That had gradually hardened as I spoke, and now was fixed in mute, motionless despair. If she could have uttered but one cry of agony, it had been well for her; but the fount of tears was frozen—all—vocal utterance dead within her. I had prepared myself for a violent outburst of weeping—for a passionate demand to be taken to the spot where her child lay buried. In some such expectation I had ordered a simple cross, bearing the initials R. S., to be erected over a child's unknown grave in that church-yard by the sea. I had satisfied myself that the doctor who had attended my cousin's baby knew nothing of its birth and parentage, and I felt little dread of any discovery attending her visit to the place. No dread need have been felt, for the visit was never paid. Mrs. Stanmore was carried to her bed that day, and never left it again the same creature. Her mind had received too severe a shock, and as the mind decayed, so did also her poor frail body. She died, about two years afterwards, of a gentle decline. This, however, I did not know until long afterwards; I left my victim ill, indeed, but I then had little doubt that she would recover to the life of wretchedness I had sketched out for her.

"When I quitted Stanmore Hall it was for the place where I had left the child. The idea had crossed my mind of abandoning to its fate in the hands of its present keepers; I considered, however, it would be hardly safe to do so, as the nurse, having gained her end in the promised reward, might at any moment turn round and betray me if it lay in her power to purchase indemnity for her own share in the wrong by restoring the child to its mother. This would never do; success having crowned my scheme of a full revenge, it should not be possible for any unhappy chance to snatch the cup from my lip in the first enjoyment thereof. The child must be cast adrift on the world, none knowing whence the waif was floated. I found the infant in good health; it had already endeared itself in the hearts of the poor but honest people who had had the charge of it those few brief weeks, and they expressed much sorrow at parting with it. Its rare beauty, and the happy smile with which it looked up in my face, awoke no relenting in my pitiless bosom, any more than did the recollection that it was Walter's child—his, whom I once had loved: it was *hers*, was the thought that possessed my mind—hers, whom I now and ever hated. So I planned and carried out the design through which the child fell into your hands. Then I left England immediately, to avoid the search I knew would be made after me. It boots not to tell the history of my life further. I lived almost entirely abroad; once I came to England, and to Chesterton. I saw Rosey; the hatred had not yet died out of my heart, and I grudged her the happiness she had found with you, her generous benefactors. She was but a child then, yet I should have known her anywhere by her likeness to her mother. It was then I learnt that her mother was dead, and the first pang of remorse I felt was in the conviction that I had, in truth, been her murderess. Yet I repented not; I never dreamt of repairing, so far as was in my power, the injury I had done her child—of restoring to the latter the name and fortune which were rightly hers. Walter Stanmore's child being, as was supposed, dead, a distant relative had, on the decease of the widow, taken possession of the estate, and the whole of the property.

"After that brief visit to my native land, I again returned abroad. I sinned and suffered yet more. At length, after an illness that was near unto death, my remorse became unendurable. I would confess my sin; I would strive to obtain forgiveness of my cousin's child; I would make the restitution delayed so long. Alas! for this it was too late—too late. I came to Chesterton, travelling day and night without resting. I learnt that you had long ago quitted the place; but a strange chance having led me to make my inquiry, in the first place, at the house of Dr. Welbred, I found my young injured relative lying dangerously ill under that very roof. How that sweet angel received me—how she listened to my confession, made now in the bitterest repentance—how she forgave all the cruel wrong I had worked for her and hers, you will believe, for you have known her all her innocent life. Never, however, can I forgive myself; neither will my God forgive sin like mine! Never—never!" sobbed the unhappy woman in her despair.

It was, indeed, a shameful history, and my wife and I, her present listeners, knew not well how to comfort her. The tale awoke more anger than pity in our breasts; we loved the injured too dearly, and it was hard to forgive her who had wrought the cruel injury. It was reserved for the gentle girl herself to teach us this lesson of Christian charity. She not only forgave but loved her enemy, and did good to one who had persecuted and despitefully used her. The words of heavenly comfort which fell from her lips acted like balm on the suffering conscience of the now sincerely repentant sinner, and encouraged her to begin a new and amended life. When I last saw her, she was a respected member of society in the town where she lived. She is now no more. *Requiescat in pace.*

And Rosey? But little remains to tell of her, either. My tale is nearly done. She rallied for a short time—beyond the doctor's expectation—sufficiently to bear removal to our home near Melwood. No claim was made on the property of the Stanmores. Of what avail would have been the brief possession of wealth to one whose days on earth were numbered—whose treasure was secure in heaven? It was her own wish that the secret of her parentage should not be divulged further than was needful. In our own neighborhood, where every one was acquainted with her sudden disappearance, the story was necessarily made known. It was late in the autumn when we carried her back thither; she lived to see the new year, and the early flowers of spring, passing with the violets away. Arthur and his bride were at home again, before then, in time to see and take leave of the dying girl. Sophia mourned for her sincerely; as for her husband's feelings, they were best known to himself.

Our darling lies buried in the churchyard adjoining Melwood Grange, the spot marked by a simple stone bearing record of her name, her age, and the date of her death. I have said she passed with the violets away; many, many times since then have these sweet flowers of spring blossomed and faded on her tomb; it is their blossoming season now,

And in my breast
Spring wakens too, and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms with the rest.

☞ We expect and hope and pray for a crown of glory, but we need not expect it without labor. God has scattered Christian duties, like grains of gold, all through the sands of life, and we must pick up from the dust of the earth, one by one, the grains of gold from which to mould our own immortal diadem. The more abundant the grains we gather, the richer will be our crown. He who gathers not these golden grains will never be king.

LA BELLE RIVIERE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY B. J. HOWE.

"La Belle Riviere!" Yes the Beautiful River!
How strangely resounded each stroke of the oar,
As the French voyageurs were advancing where never
The foot of the white-man had ventured before!
The forest-crowned hills in their quiet were sleeping;
The vales spread before them all boundless and fair;
And while on their course irresistibly sweeping,
No wonder they called it "La Belle Riviere."

"La Belle Riviere!" The romantic Ohio!
By pioneers prized as the brightest and best;
The fairest of that most magnificent trio,
That roll through the plains of the bountiful West.
The Indian is gone from the shores he defended—
No longer the war-whoop is heard on the air;
Fair Industry dwells where the foemen contended,
And Commerce enlivens "La Belle Riviere."

ORIGINAL FABLES.

A Common Mistake.

"What a passion you are in!" said the Rain to the Brook, "splashing and fussing, and making such a noise."

"I was quiet enough till you came," said the Brook, "but that's the way with people that pick quarrels; they always throw the blame on those they trouble."

The Burthen Fitted to the Back.

"What a shame!" said the great Draught-horse to his companion, standing with him in the shafts of a cart laden with stone.

"What's the matter?" asked the other.

"Why, our master is so unfair; here we are laboring along with this load, and just look at yon fellow with nothing but a bag of chaff on his back!" replied the first.

"Look at yon fellow, indeed!" cried the second—"yes, *do* look at him, with his broken knees, and his head hanging down and his bones sticking out; why, he hasn't a leg to stand on. Our master knows what he is about. A bag of chaff to *him* is worse than these stones are to us."

No Weeds, Not the Fairest nor Smallest.

"Oh, but I am so beautiful," cried the large Bindweed; "you will surely spare me!"

"Yes, *of course!*" said the gardener, "and let you go on choking and strangling everything you can lay hold of. Come down with you, and come up with you, beautiful as you are."

"You won't think of touching *me*," said the Chickweed; "I never strangled anything; I am the most innocent creature in the world, and brother Groundsel and I are such favorites with the canaries."

"Innocent enough you may be in the hedges," answered the gardener; "so go there and live, where they who want to feed canaries may look for you and brother Groundsel; but I am not going to let you rob my flowers of the strength of the soil, depend on it; so come out."

"Now," cried a fine Campion, "pray, sir, don't disturb *me*; I am excessively pretty—a variety of that handsome Lychnis you think so much of. I do no harm, positive or negative, for I neither strangle like Bindweed nor creep all over the ground like Chickweed. I stand on my place, a *small place*, and blossom like any other flower."

"Like any other flower, indeed!" said the gardener. "A flower you may look like, and a very poor relation you may be to my beautiful Lychnis, but, with all you can say for yourself, you are a weed, and you can't deny it; so, if you took but half the ground you do, *out* you should come. We gardeners, who want perfect gardens, mustn't stop at deadly nightshade or ugly sow-thistles, or other undeniable pests, but root out everything that bears the name of a weed, without pity or hesitation."

Beware of Small Encroachment.

"Just a little, a *very* little, a *very, very* little!" said the Brook to the Bank.

And the Bank was silent, and the Brook wore its side till the earth melted away and the sods floated down the stream.

"Just a little more, a very little more," said the Brook again.

And the waters pressed against the roots of the willows that grew beyond the bank, and laid them bare.

"Just a little, *little* more," said the Brook again; and the widening stream advanced with fresh force till one by one the willows fell, and were borne away in the torrent.

"Alas!" cried the meadow, as the water closed in on it, "if I had not neglected the attack on my bank, my fence would never have been destroyed; but now my protection is gone, and I am rightly served in being turned from a fruitful field into a watery waste."

Mustn't Always Take People at their Word.

"Oh that I were dead!" cried the Bullfinch.

"I don't wonder at it, I'm sure, dear," said the Cat, sitting with her eyes fixed on the cage.

"To be penned up here from day to day, while all my friends are rejoicing in the sweet sunny sky and the flowers," said the Bullfinch.

"How distressing!" said the Cat, with much feeling.

"And just to be allowed now and then for a few minutes to try my wing by a flight round the room," said Bully.

"Mere mockery!—a cruel insult I call *that*," said the Cat.

"And as to singing, how can *I* sing?"

"How, indeed?" said the Cat.

"This piping song that I have been drilled into, not a note of it comes from my heart."

"I never could bear anything that didn't come from the heart," said the Cat, very demurely.

"Oh that I were dead!" said the Bullfinch.

"It's what your best friends must wish for you, dear," said the Cat; "and, as the door of your cage is a little ajar, I see, you have only to come out and—"

"And what?" asked the Bullfinch.

"Why, dearest, I would, however painful to my feelings, soon put you out of your misery," said the Cat, preparing to spring; upon which the Bullfinch set up a scream of such terror that his mistress flew into the room, and Puss was glad to escape down stairs.

No Pity for Constant Complainers.

"Oh, dear!" sighed a young Field-mouse to the Squirrel, "I am so *sorry*, so sad!"

"What's the matter?" asked the Squirrel, stopping short in a run.

"That poor Wood-pigeon—it goes to my heart to hear her; just listen to her plaintive accents, how mournful, how affecting!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Squirrel, merrily, "don't fret yourself; when you've lived in the wood as long as I have you'll know better. I used to pity her myself once (and it's not in *my way* to make troubles either), but I have found out, this long time past, that complaining is just a trick of hers, and that, whether she's happy or miserable, she has but one note, so I never concern myself about her.

Nothing to Boast of.

"Tick, tick, tick!" went the kitchen Clock, and looked very contemptuously on all around him. "A parcel of dummies you are," he cried.

"Why, I can sing," said the Kettle.

"Yes, when you are on the fire," he answered; "but, now the grate is cold and black, you are as silent as the rest."

"I can hiss," said the Frying-pan.

"I can thunder," said the Pestle and Mortar.

"I can drown your ticking with my voice," said the Coffee-mill.

"I can blow like a tempest," said the Bellows.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the Clock, "you have no utterance the moment you are left to yourselves; hear *me*, how I tick throughout the night, and reverence my powers."

"Very fine!" they cried out in chorus: "you think grand things of yourself; but where would your *power* be if cook forgot to wind you up? You have nothing in yourself any more than we have, depend upon that."

The Discontented Bee.

"Alas!" cried the Bee, "how happy are those wasps! Look at yonder vessel hung among the apricots, as if the delicate fruits were not enough for them. *I* must go and gather my honey from the banks of wild thyme, and, when I have found it, must lay it by for others. They live in pleasure, in ease, in plenty, and enjoyment, happy wasps."

The day wore on among the wild thyme; the Bee forgot to grumble. How sweet it was, how fresh, how fragrant, playing with the flowers as he gathered their riches! he didn't think about toil; and, when he fed on some of the treasure, he exulted in the delights of carrying such exquisite food to the hive. "I love you!" he cried to the bank of wild thyme.

As he passed the apricots he saw the wasp struggling in death on the brim of the sugared snare.

"Ah!" he faintly cried, "if I had gone with you to your bank instead of coming to this hateful, surfeiting, treacherous place, I should have been as happy as you are."

"I am very much ashamed," thought the Bee, as he flew away; "I hope to be wiser in future."

No Use to Try to Please Everybody.

"If you please," said the Weathercock to the Wind, "turn me to the south; there is such a cry out against the cold, that I am afraid they'll pull me down if I stop much longer in this north quarter."

So the Wind flew from the south, and the sun was master of the day, and rain fell abundantly.

"Oh, please to turn me from the south," said the Weathercock to the Wind again. "The potatoes will all be spoilt, and the corn wants dry weather, and while I am here, *rain it will*; and, what with the heat and the wet, the farmers are just mad against me."

So the Wind shifted into the west, and there came soft drying breezes day after day.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said the Weathercock, "here's a pretty *to-do!* such evil looks as I get from eyes all round me the first thing every morning! the grass is getting parched up, and there is no water for the stock; and what is to be done? As to the *gardeners*, they say there won't be a pea to be seen, and the vegetables will wither away. Do turn me somewhere else."

Upon which the Wind grew very angry, and with a fierce puff sent the Weathercock into the east.

"What do they say to you now?" he asked.

"What!" cried the Weathercock; "why, everybody has caught cold, and everything is blighted—that's what they say; and there isn't a misfortune that happens but somehow or other they lay it to the east wind."

"Well!" cried the Wind, "let them find fault; I see it's impossible for you and me to please everybody; so in future I shall *blow* where I like, and you shall *go* where I like, without asking any questions. I don't know but that we shall satisfy more then than we can do now, with all our consideration."

Gen. Scott's Opinion of Gen. Jackson.

[The following extracts from the "Autobiography of Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott" will interest our readers. Many of them will doubt the justness of the old soldier's criticisms:—]

Establishing himself in Tennessee, after attaining manhood, in a region where civilization was but in the dawn, Andrew Jackson had the heroic characteristics suited to that condition. In the frequent strifes and conflicts among the settlers, his neighbors, he himself at that period also much of a bully, with a born talent for command, jumped in between the hostile parties, and at once, by words, silenced the feud, or became the partisan of one side and soon subdued the other. Elevated to the bench, though unlearned in the law, he knew well how to enforce order. A bully, in open court, knocked down an opponent. Said the judge—

"Sheriff, seize that man, and place him at the bar to receive judgment for his contempt of the court."

The sheriff soon reported—

"May it please your honor, the offender is armed, and won't let me seize him."

"Very well," replied the judge, "summon the *posse!*"

After a time the sheriff again reported—

"Sir, the man is on horseback, at the door; I have summoned everybody, and nobody dares to touch him."

"Summon me, sir!" was the next order.

The *posse* of one (the judge) soon wounded and unhorsed the offender, helped to take him up bodily, placed him at the bar, reascended the bench and pronounced the merited sentence. This certainly was an effective way to civilize a rude, wild people—to break their necks to the necessary yoke of the law.

His Indian wars were well enough. But, at New Orleans, with fearful odds of British troops against him, he despaired not of success; poured his own great spirit into all around him; struck the advancing enemy a timely blow in the night of December the twenty-third, that paralyzed him for the next sixteen days—a great gain—and then, owing in part to the stupidity of attacking strong intrenchments by daylight, won the crowning victory of the war.

In short, such was his antithetical character, that the future philosophic historian will be forced to say, "We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;" for, without the charm of romance to distemper the mind, he took possession of a man's wife, (whom he made his own,) and shot another man in a duel, leisurely and with great deliberation, after the latter had lost his fire. He invaded Spanish Florida, and took Pensacola and St. Marks, without a declaration of war by Congress, or instructions from the President, as well as without necessity; and then, at the door of the Senate, within hearing of many of its members, threatened, on their adjournment, to cut off the ears of two principal committee men that had condemned his conduct toward a nation with whom the United States were at peace.

And prior to this period, at New Orleans, flushed with the great victory of January the eighth, and knowing to a certainty, though not officially, that a treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain had been signed at Ghent, he imprisoned a federal judge for issuing a writ of *habeas corpus* in favor of one of his (Jackson's) civil prisoners without the least color of the tyrant's plea—*necessity*. Yet this eminent man, of a double nature, was only immoral in the specified instances. In all else he was mild and temperate *except when in passion*—and even a professor of religion, though he entirely ignored the Christian injunction, "Let not the sun go down on your wrath."

It may well be maintained that, for his popularity with the multitude, he owed fully as much to his demerits as to his virtues and splendid services. Everywhere in the deep columns of his supporters the loud cry could be heard, *Washington is great, but Jackson is greater!*—just as faithful Musulmans shout at every turn—*God is great, and Mahomet is His prophet!* The enthusiasm in behalf of the American also partook largely of allegiance—bigoted idolatry; and it may be placed to his credit—to the bright face of his duality—that he did not profit by the circumstances, and intrench himself for life in the Presidency with remainder over to his heirs and assigns.

Coming up to the executive chair of a great people, he was not in the least intoxicated by power; but coolly appointed a friend, one of his secretaries, whose marriage and its antecedents were exactly like his own, and broke up his first cabinet because some of the members and their families would not associate with the tainted couple. Enveloped in the fumes of the pipe, with only the occasional imprecation—*by the eternal!*—he cut off the heads of more office-holders than all his predecessors put together. And this not in any spasm of vindictiveness. The pleasure was economized and long drawn out, his partisans hunting up new victims; for "increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on."

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MISS SCOTT PROMOTED, VICE THEO LEIGH, RESIGNED!

"Give my compliments to Mrs. Vaughan, and tell her that I shall be over to see her to-morrow," Mr. Burgoyne said, when the two girls were leaving. At this statement of his intentions Sydney elaborated her former indifference, and got up an expression of utter weariness, and Theo blushed scarlet, for he was shaking hands with her as he spoke, and he bestowed more than a warm clasp upon what she still held sacred to Harold Ffrench.

"With Miss Ethel?" Theo asked.

"No," Ethel replied for him, "he has thrown me over for a younger and lovelier, he won't take me."

"But you oughtn't to ride, Mr. Burgoyne, indeed you ought not to ride yet, and you can't drive yourself?" Theo questioned, eagerly.

"And you do give me credit for having sufficient good taste to eschew being boxed up in a carriage, or being driven about by a trustworthy groom like a helpless incurable. Well, you're right, Theo—Miss Theo I mean. I have a friend in the neighborhood, and he'll tool me over to Hensley, if we shall not bore you."

"You won't do that," Theo answered candidly, and Sydney shrugged her pretty plump shoulders, and said:

"All things are relative, you know, Mr. Burgoyne; most likely you'll be the great diversion of the day at Hensley; you may safely come without fear of falling flat after other brilliant excitements."

"You're very kind," he said, languidly, "but the fact is I'm hardly up to chaff to-day; I have been away from the regions of it for a long time," then, while Sydney blushed hotly with the consciousness of having blundered in this her first onslaught upon him, he turned to Theo, and murmured—

"And I am not so capable of appreciating chaff you see, Miss Theo, as the young heroes whose wits are sharpened by incessant intercourse with garrison-town belles are: your friend is overpowering, teach her to be merciful."

So far he had spoken in a light, almost scoffing, way, but now he altered his manner suddenly, and whispered:

"Teach her to be as sweet as you are yourself, if that be possible."

Theo could but think of him as she drove back to the Vaughans. Sydney ensconced herself in the corner of the car in silence, and did not even ask for the reins this time, for she was seriously put out, she scarcely knew why. Miss Scott maintained an absolute silence too, therefore Theo had full opportunity to think of him, and think of him she did.

He had called her "sweet," and he liked her, and trusted her, and believed her to be what a woman should be! She felt that he did all this; she felt sure of it, for his eyes told her so, and his words and manner corroborated and bore witness to the truth of what his eyes said. While she!—knew that of his rival, Harold Ffrench, which, if known to Lord Lesborough would cause Lord Lesborough to cease from thinking Harold Ffrench "Immaculate," as Ethel phrased it. She knew that Harold Ffrench had been what the prejudiced old peer would consider a "defaulter in honor," at the same time she knew that the man who would be injured by the retention of that knowledge, believed her to be frank, and sweet, and true.

"Oh, if Harold would only tell all, and lose all, and brave the blame!" she thought, and her heart went low, and her brow blanched as the fear began to dominate that she had given the first fruits of her heart to a coward.

Better that it should be proved that his deserts were small; better that he should be adjudged and denounced as unworthy, than that he should go on evading judgment and denunciation by keeping silence. While she had thought that it was to gain her love alone that Harold had held his tongue, she had never blamed him once. But now she felt that perhaps there might have been another motive for that secrecy which she had held to be only weak, not wicked! A sordid motive—a motive that it nearly broke her heart to think could actuate the man she loved. Ah! she was all a woman in giving birth to this fear. Every crime under Heaven will be of small account in a woman's eyes if the man she loves stops short on the commission of them—of cowardice and meanness.

You see hers had not been a purely feminine training. She had been an only daughter, an only child, and so the principles of honor that her father would otherwise more assiduously have grafted upon sons, had he had them, were made portion of Theo's education. She had been her father's companion and confidante all her life, and she had early had a proud appreciation of his renown for courage and honor. To be fearless and to be truthful were such vital points with him, that Theo never deemed it possible that a "gentleman" could shrink from or evade anything. That Harold Ffrench had maintained reserve, had shrunk from making the great event of his life public, for the sake of some commercial benefit which might accrue to him were privacy kept, was a bitter thought to a girl who had been taught to brave everything that came in her way without blenching. She would have been horribly shamed to show fear for herself for any less cause than love! Think what she was when she felt that the man she loved had shown it! She would not give the thought words even to herself, but as she drove home from Maddington that day she was miserably conscious of feeling that had it not been for those past passages of hers with Harold she could have loved (as a sister of course, nothing more!) the brilliant, brave carelessness of Frank Burgoyne.

Will she be deemed very weak, very greedy of that sweet something which she might not reciprocate when I say that Theo felt a throb of something like pleasure when she remembered that Frank Burgoyne had drawn no unfavorable parallel between herself and Sydney Scott. She wanted no more than a sister's quiet love from him, but to have seen that gentle moonlit affection out-blazoned at the first by the sun of passion or admiration for her fair-faced friend would have been painful, very painful. It is easy enough to resign gracefully after a time, but not at first, not abruptly, not till one gets used to the idea of being compelled to do so.

Sydney Scott said very little about her new acquaintances that day, to Theo's relief.

"They're very nice, not a bit snobbish," she remarked, when Mrs. Vaughan asked her if she had not "found the Honorable Misses Burgoyne truly agreeable, and Mr. Burgoyne very different to the majority of young men one met."

"They're very nice, not a bit snobbish; different? no, I don't think him exceptional at all; all young men who get petted up as his aunts pet him want taking down; but I didn't remark him much."

Mrs. Vaughan would have liked to have told Sydney that she was not called upon to remark Mr. Burgoyne much, or at all even. She would have much liked to have told her niece's young friend thus much with the point and emphasis, not to say sprite, with which she deemed it well elderly ladies should address young ones. But Sydney Scott had the air of one who might not be attacked with impunity, even for her own ultimate good, therefore Mrs. Vaughan bore this light mention of one of her articles of faith in silence.

"Let us be in out in the garden, if possible, when those men come from Maddington," Sydney said to Theo the following morning; "a state call from them in your aunt's drawing-room and presence would be too much for me."

"We'll be out in the garden when they come, if you like, but don't flatter yourself that we shall be suffered to remain there while they're here; don't you wish to see Mr. Burgoyne?"

"Oh, yes, if he comes in my way, but not under Mrs. Vaughan's auspices, if I can avoid it. I shouldn't feel myself; I should feel at a disadvantage, for I'm certain she will never think anything I do or say nice."

"She has a way of appearing terribly particular, but it's half appearance; she is very kind in reality."

"I could see that she thought me too fast," Sydney began animatedly; "now didn't she, Theo? say, didn't she?"

"No, I don't think she did; she isn't up in the term, and so she is not on the look-out for the quality."

Sydney's animation flagged. She had been more than ordinarily debonair and out-spoken last night, and Mrs. Vaughan had failed to observe it!

"Oh, Theo, don't you wish you were so dowdy, and quiet, and uninteresting that no one would notice you?" she asked, presently.

"Indeed I don't," Theo replied, heartily, "and you wouldn't find half the pleasure in lamenting being so, that you do in bewailing being quite the reverse."

Which assertion Sydney gravely negatived and questioned, till Theo grew weary of it and bitterly regretted having made it, for nothing that in any way concerned herself was lacking in interest, or immaterial to Miss Sydney Scott.

"I won't drag you out, you'll like to be in to see them," Sydney said to Theo, when the hour that Frank had mentioned as the one of his intended call drew near. "I can go out and amuse myself, don't you come."

Sydney had her hat on when she spoke, and a wonderful pair of well-fitting gauntlets, to say nothing of a broad leather belt across one shoulder from which hung suspended a pouch.

"You look as if you had been getting yourself up for a 'specimen collection stroll,' Sydney. Where are you going? Wait, and I'll come too."

"No, don't—no, please don't—for why should you? This means nothing; one always wears certain things in the country whether one wants them or not. I shall just rove about till your aunt's grand guests have been and gone. Don't you come, you'll be wanted."

She walked off, hastily waving her hand to Theo, and evidently meaning the latter to take her at her word and suffer her to go out alone.

"I shouldn't like to miss Mr. Burgoyne after all," Theo thought. Then she went back into the drawing-room, and sitting down at the window, she suffered her thoughts to play round that "all," after which she felt that she would be sorry to miss Mr. Burgoyne.

Sitting there, she perceived that Sydney, after all her elaborate preparations towards avoiding the expected guests, was taking the only path by which it was possible they could reach the vicarage. "Stupid of her!" Miss Leigh thought; however, she can just bow, and pass on when she meets them. "I wonder who'll be with him?"

She felt a bright color rush over her face as she caught herself thinking of "him" thus, and remembered how he had pressed her hand unreproved, and found occasion to tell her that she would have had the power to make him a different fellow had he met her before. Then, while the color was at its brightest, her aunt came into the room radiant, and told Theo that her complexion was vastly improved, and that she heard a horse's trot coming along the Maddington Road—which combined information rendered the color permanent, and caused her explanation of Sydney's absence to be rather rambling and vague.

Mrs. Vaughan had entered the room radiant, for she liked the idea well of the young heir of Maddington paying his devoirs at Hensley at this early stage of his recovery. But minutes passed, and she grew less radiant, and after a time she grew very impatient.

"Just half an hour since I heard a horse coming along that straight bit of road from the Maddington turn; they might have been here over and over again," she exclaimed angrily, looking at Theo as if Theo were answerable for the delay.

"Perhaps it was not them after all."

"Stuff and nonsense, child! Who else, can you please to tell me, would be coming along that straight bit of road from the Maddington turn, eh?"

"I don't know, aunt."

"Then don't talk about things you don't understand," Mrs. Vaughan rejoined loftily. "I wish you would break yourself of that habit you have of setting up your judgment in opposition to every body else's, Theo."

Theo having nothing to reply to this, the pair relapsed into silence again for yet another dismal ten minutes. At the expiration of these minutes Mrs. Vaughan solemnly announced her belief that the horse whose trot she had heard at the Maddington turn had fallen down, and done fresh damage to Mr. Burgoyne.

"At all events we will put something on our heads and run down to the gate, and look along the road, Theo," she said excitedly.

"Very well, I'll get my hat—not that we shall do any good by going."

"Pray, permit me to be the judge of that. No, don't stay to get your hat; this will keep the cold from your head,"—and as she spoke, before Theo could interpose an objection, Mrs. Vaughan had enveloped her niece's head in a small shawl of ill-conditioned texture and unbecoming hue.

"Keep it nice and close under your chin—stay, I'll put a pin in for you," the energetic old lady continued.

So Theo, after the feeblest remonstrance, submitted to an arrangement that was not comfortable enough to reconcile her to its unbecomingness. Theo felt that she looked very plain in that wretched little brown shawl, and that her abnegation of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world was complete indeed as she walked soberly along the drive by the side of her aunt.

The gate was closed, but they opened it, and passed through, Mrs. Vaughan still apparently hopeful of coming across some pieces at least of the Honorable Mr. Burgoyne. About ten yards from the vicarage garden gate there was a hazel-nut copse, and immediately against this copse they saw, not pieces only, but Mr. Burgoyne intact.

The dog-cart was drawn up to the side of the road, and Miss Sydney Scott stood by the horse's head, patting his nose, and calling him "good boy," and "poor fellow, then," and asking him, "was he a nice horse?" after the most approved feminine fashion. By her side Mr. Burgoyne stood, breaking the husks away from nuts, which, when thus far prepared, he handed to her; and inside the hedge, assiduously gathering the nuts for the pair outside, was a man, whom Theo, with a start and, no, not a "stifled cry,"—stifled cries are not uttered in real life—recognized to be Mr. David Linley. She could but feel the full force of the unbecomingness of the abominable little shawl as she came abruptly upon this road-side picture.

"My friend Mr. Linley—allow me to introduce Mr. Linley, Mrs. Vaughan, Miss Leigh—met an old acquaintance in Miss Scott, and insisted on getting down to gather her some nuts; I was powerless to drive on by myself," Frank said, making an effort to look as though he did not think that Theo would think that he was transferring his half-sworn allegiance from herself to another.

Mixed feelings agitated Theo. It was hard to meet Linley again, hard to mark that the feeling Frank had been apparently ready to develope but yesterday for her had veered away to Sydney; hard to have that shawl upon her head!—that odious little shawl, so unbecoming in hue and texture and arrangement.

She had not encouraged the development of that aforesaid feeling as she might have done in all maidenly dignity. And she had resolved to encourage it even less in the future. Still, for all this resolve, a sense of disappointment came over her as she marked that the resolve would be no more tried. When we have elaborately armed against temptation, it is disappointing not to be led into it.

Sydney Scott looked up, beaming and bright; devotion always pleased her, and some show of it had been made this morning by the man who had played at absolute indifference with her yesterday. Her coming out along this road had not been altogether purposeless, and yet she had not aimed at that which she had attained. She had merely desired to show herself to them apparently regardless of their coming; to show herself prettily dressed, bright, fair and fresh as

the morning, and at the same time to show them that this charming combination of dress and good qualities was not mindful of them at all, but was actually conveying itself away from sheer indifference.

This had been her motive in coming out, but the motives of the majority of girls are susceptible of change, and Sydney was no exception to the rule. When she met the dog-cart, and found that the friend of whom Frank Burgoyne had made light mention the previous day was no other than her own acquaintance, Mr. Linley, she came to a halt, and brought her hand to her hat with a graceful gesture of salutation that reminded them of a pretty page, and compelled them to stop.

Miss Scott had looked forward to a meeting with Mr. Linley at Hensley with pleasure, while she had deemed that there would be no one else. But now, since she had seen Frank Burgoyne, and found him possessed of that tawny beauty that she specially affected, Linley's age and plainness recurred to her in all its force, and she began to hope that "Theo would take him off, and leave her the other."

She told them that she had come out to explore, because it was impossible for her to keep in the house when there was anything new to be seen, or any nuts in the neighborhood to be had. After a moment or two she appended frank regret that she should have done so this morning.

"As you were coming," she continued, looking at Frank, who responded by jumping down from the trap at once and declaring that he too would earn his nuts by honest toil.

"We had better go on and put up the horse, hadn't we?" Linley asked. He wanted to see Theo, and to see how she acted upon Frank, and how something that he had to tell would act upon her. Pretty Sydney Scott was all very well, but he had not taken the shooting-box at Lownds for the purpose of witnessing Frank Burgoyne and that young lady eat nuts towards a better understanding.

"We'll go on directly—lots of time," Frank rejoined. "Here, be a good fellow and just pop over this fence, and get some of those nuts for Miss Scott."

"For you to help her to eat them,—that will be the amount of your honest toil."

"Never do anything for yourself that you can get another fellow to do for you. Yes, hasn't he a handsome head, Miss Scott? Do you like horses?"

"That I do," she replied. And there was no affectation in the warmth this time, for "that she did," thoroughly. Then she saw Linley safely over the hedge, and went on for the benefit of the heir of Maddington alone.

"They never turn round on you and deceive you."

"That depends upon whether you're up in their little ways or not," he said, laughing; then he altered the expression of his eyes, and went on:

"A horse deceive *you*—no! none but an ass could do it. So you had the heart to come out this morning? How done I should have been if I had missed you, which I might have done if you had gone into the wood."

"Yes, if I'd gone into the wood before you passed, we might have missed, mightn't we? What nonsense, though, as if you would have cared! Oh! thank you, Mr. Linley, what clusters! there's another bunch—no, farther on still—that I should so wish to have if you wouldn't mind taking the trouble to get it for me; you can't help seeing it if you walk down, but it's a shame to ask you."

"Not at all, don't mention it," Linley replied grimly. He felt that he was being foiled by this girl of twenty, and he resolved to make her wince for it. He had a trusty ally, before whom this young lady would go down like corn before the reaper.

It was while he was away searching for the cluster that was so difficult to find that Mrs. Vaughan and Theo came up, and Frank made his praiseworthy effort.

It was but for a few minutes that Theo permitted herself the indulgence of feeling sore and wounded for—she knew not what. At the expiration of those minutes she reminded herself that she, who loved another—"God help me and forgive me," she murmured—could not in reason care for the best of this young man's liking. It is always, however, more agreeable to be the first, always soothing to feel that you are the primary consideration with some one who is present and congenial to you. Of course every true woman is capable of resigning this position to a friend who may legitimately take it. But again, be it acknowledged, that she is not a true woman if she does not feel to some degree the being compelled to do so. It is easy enough to resign gracefully after a time; but not at first; not with a shawl adjusted so unbecomingly upon your head that it makes your resignation appear simply a matter of course. No, no! under such circumstances one does indeed feel it hard to resign.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Very Old Maid.

Mr. Newtonage, a Liverpool medical man, gives the following testimony regarding a spinster who lived to a very old age, and whose longevity seems to be perfectly well authenticated:—"The following obituary records a more remarkable case of longevity than any recent one which has appeared in your columns:—'Dec. 20, 1863, at her residence, Edge lane, Liverpool, aged 112 years and 6 months, Miss Mary Billinge. She was born at Eccleston, near Prescot, on the 24th of May, 1751. She retained her faculties in a very remarkable degree to the last, and was never known to have been confined to her bed a single day until the week preceding her decease.' I attended the old lady in her last and only illness, and wrote the above, which appeared at the time in the local newspapers, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and elsewhere. Her place of birth was known, and there was no reason to suppose any error in the parish register. Her very great age was also well known among her friends, but most carefully concealed by herself. She walked a quarter of a mile to a friend's house within two months of her death. She was very much bent by age, and her skin was intensely wrinkled. An old lady of eighty years who called to see her appeared quite youthful by contrast, being much plumper, less wrinkled, and more upright in her figure."

☞ A private letter from a Philadelphian now in Paris, dated the 19th ult., says that a well-known American resident of Paris, who is on the most intimate terms with the Emperor, positively assured the writer that the reported cession of the five provinces to France, by Mexico, was *entirely and utterly false*; adding that this was direct from the Emperor himself.

AMERICAN WIT.

[FROM THE LONDON SATURDAY REVIEW.]

Mr. Carlyle once asked Mr. Emerson, as the Yankee Jean Paul Richter relates, what was there in the life or literature of the States that was original—what purely American result had been the outcome of the new institutions of the New World? Mr. Emerson admitted, of course, that the democracy, the inventiveness, the audacity, were only European ideas "produced," and for a time was silent. Then, notwithstanding the anticipated scorn of his interlocutor, he said that there was a small sect lately arisen, called "Non-Resistants," who determined to carry out to the letter in daily life the Christian doctrine of "when they smite you on the one cheek," &c.; *that*, he said, was the only purely American doctrine, and worthy to be the creed of a great nation. Read by the light of present events, when Mr. Emerson himself sounds the war-trumpet, the anecdote suggests the idea that the "one" American idea is not in a very fair way of being realized. But the philosopher of Boston might have put in another claim, and with much more validity. Whatever else the Americans have not, they do possess a thoroughly peculiar national wit. The word "humor" is not exactly applicable to it, for it often wants geniality and breadth; but it has the dry flame of real wit. Of course, much of it is based on exaggeration; but to exaggerate truly—that is, to exaggerate not wildly, as a mere liar does, but in the direct line of the fact, on the basis, as it were, of what *is*—requires imagination. One of the best Yankee exaggerations had the "honor," so to speak, of figuring in one of Mr. Lincoln's state papers, if indeed the yoke was not the more respectable of the two. The President spoke of the Mississippi gunboats of draught so light that they "could float wherever the ground was a little damp."

That the continual current of American jokes has not been stopped during the war is natural enough. The Northerners have never loved the war for itself, and have never gone into it heart and soul, as soldiers or lovers of martial deeds. They accept it resolutely enough as a means of saving the Union, but they do not glory in it as we have gloried in the battles of the Peninsula or in the Crimean war. Hence their readiness to make jokes on what one would naturally regard as too serious a subject for pleasantry. We never treated lightly our Indian mutiny, nor did our forefathers ever laugh at the great colonial revolt; but then we have not Yankee *esprit*, nor the recklessness which is its root. One advantage which the Americans now have in national joking is the possession of a President who is not only the First Magistrate, but the chief joker, of the land. Many collections of American jests are advertised as containing "Mr. Lincoln's latest jokes," and some of his stories are certainly good. Some of them are "in his earlier manner," when as yet coercion was not considered essential to the dignity of the North:

"I once knew a good, sound Churchman, whom we'll call Brown, who was on a committee to erect a bridge over a very dangerous and rapid river; architect after architect failed, and at last Brown said he had a friend named Jones who had built several bridges and could build this. 'Let's have him, sir,' said the committee. In came Jones. 'Can you build this bridge, sir?' 'Yes,' replied Jones; 'I would build a bridge to the infernal regions, if necessary.' The sober committee were horrified; but when Jones retired, Brown thought it but fair to defend his friend. 'I know Jones so well,' said he, and he is so honest a man, and so good an architect, that if he states soberly and positively that he can build a bridge to Hades—why, I believe it. But I have my doubts about the abutment on the infernal side.' 'So,' Lincoln added, 'when politicians said they could harmonize the Northern and Southern wings of the Democracy, why, I believed them. But I had my doubts about the abutment on the Southern side.'"

We doubt whether Mr. Lincoln is more sure even now of the abutment; but at all events he, as Pontifex Maximus of the land, works as if he were, and while his half of the bridge holds up he will probably go on. But this story—one of many such—indicates, what all readers must have observed, that the basis of nearly all American wit is irreverence. To call Niagara "a water-privilege," to speak lightly of the most serious events—to treat alligators, lightning, big rivers, trackless mountains, as mere material for jest—is natural enough, for in real life all these things have been actually faced by the lanky, lean-visaged pioneers, who have given out their dry, daring jokes with smileless lips amid swamp fever, starvation, and death itself. Besides this, the Americans of the North have a startling readiness to treat with jesting familiarity even the most sacred themes. That their professed wits should do so is, of course, not strange, for religious subjects have again and again provoked the irreverence of professional jokers. But American oratory, literature, and conversation are full of familiar and jocose allusions to matters that other men habitually treat with gravity, and that the Americans themselves sincerely respect. It might be "to consider too curiously" to trace back this American characteristic to its origin, but it is not difficult to see whence it has come. The Puritan element is still strong in the more vital forces of American life and society; in fact, Puritanism, in one shape or another, is the dominant idea of the North. To the founders of New England the historical characters of the Old Testament were not literary shadows, but men given as exemplars. God was to them "a present Deity;" a "special Providence" was ever at their side; peculiar mercies were showered in their path. This stamped their life, their literature, their acts, their words with a religion actual, vivid, solid full of fact. They spoke of Jehovah and Christ, of Heaven and Hell, of Death and the Judgment as they would of the serious familiar facts of daily life—as they spoke of their long barn, or their fifteen-acre field, or their new clearing. The Devil was as real as the Red Indian, and was spoken of in much the same way, as a real living enemy haunting New England, to be met, and, if possible, overcome. Puritanism in its day, in our own country, was much the same thing; in its literature we find allusions which even Mr. Spurgeon would think coarse, and passages which perhaps the Record would hesitate to print.

The American irreverence that translates the Bible into newspaper jokes is therefore descended, on one side, from the fearless Puritan handling of religious names, thoughts, and facts; but, on the other side, it is derived from the audacious, wild-cat Yankee spirit evoked by New World facts. Men who have had to encounter the hardships and perils of backwood life must, above all things, have courage; and the courage that habitually faces danger, discomfort, rough life, gouging, bowie-knives, and free fights, soon becomes recklessness. Take your Puritan, with his constant dragging in of religious words and ideas into daily life; keep him for years far from "the means of grace," as prayer meetings are called; give him, instead of imaginary wrestlings with Satan, some tough fights with grizzly bears; show him chances of cheating Red Indians, of larrupping niggers, of "striking a trade" with a Yankee less keen than himself; and you have, as the result, an odd mongrel—one-third Fifth Monarchy, one-third Red Indian, one-third Joe Miller, with the "Bible twang;" grave, lantern-jawed and lean, like the aborigines; with the old English love of humor, but humor dried, cut into slips, and preserved—English beef "jerked," with a peculiar flavor of its own. When Bishop Simpson, of Pennsylvania, said that "God could not do without America," we had the quintessence of a Yankee Puritan. It came out in another shape when the New York Herald, wishing to monopolize the telegraph wires that it might have the first announcement of the Prince of Wales's landing at Halifax, instructed its reporter to engage them three hours in advance, and "send on the Book of Job." The New York Saturday journals testify abundantly to this free handling of religion; we have all the churches advertising against one another with a zeal from which our theatrical lessees might take a lesson. Dr. Cheever preaches "the Pranks of Harmless Mirth in the Town of Mansoul;" Miss Antoinette L. Brown "orates" on "Men and Women" (for the lions have turned painters at last); while a Mr. Armitage, in rather mean revenge, intimates a lecture on "the Character of Eve." The church in Forty-first street advertises "good singing and a cordial welcome to all strangers;" while "Samuel Sheffield Snow, Herald of the Kingdom of God," promises "the sure word of prophecy" in Hope Chapel, Broadway. Another church heads its advertisement with "Take Notice! No Sectarianism, no Politics in the Pulpit, but the Gospel alone"—evidently a side hit at that shining light, Mr. Henry Ward Beecher. In second street church, "The New York Praying Band, Samuel Halstead, Esq., Leader, will conduct the Services." How the band is drilled or organized, whether it goes from church to church, or "will execute orders at the shortest notice," we do not know; but it is, at all events, a fact duly advertised in the latest journals of New York. Here we have the Puritan familiarity without the intention of irreverence; but we have the same changed into a camp joke in the story of the Colonel (reprinted in all the American papers about a year ago,) who, hearing from his Baptist chaplain that there had been ten conversions in a rival regiment, exclaimed: "Do you say so? Sergeant Jones! detail fifteen men of my regiment for immediate baptism."

There is another story—invented of course—indicating a recklessness in profanity that it is difficult to characterize. It is stated that, after the battle of Chattanooga, a chaplain—dressed probably as unclerically as army chaplains on actual service generally are—knelt by the side of a dying soldier, and abruptly asked, "My man, do you know who died for you?" The Yankee soldier opened his eyes and replied, "Wal now, stranger, I guess this is not a time for asking conundrums." Writers and readers who could manufacture and relish such a jest must have ideas of propriety which it is very hard for Englishmen to understand.

Some of the American jokes issued during the war have one advantage—they date themselves. For instance, the man who claims exemption because he is a "negro, a minister, over age, a British subject, and a habitual drunkard," evidently invented the excuses during the first draft, when these things were disqualifications. In later drafts both ministers and negroes were expressly included, and there is not the least doubt that British subjects, persons over age, and habitual drunkards, were actually, if not formally, taken. If cripples did not serve, they at least obtained the bounty. We have also some exchanges of repartee in the earlier part of the war, which show that, before General Butler ruled New Orleans, northern soldiers were good-humored enough to be courteous, if keen, with "the Secesh women" whom they afterward insulted and reviled. On passing through Baltimore in April, 1861, a Massachusetts soldier retorted the sarcasm of a Maryland lady with a wit compared to which Butler's celebrated "woman" order does not speak well for the influence of the war on the the manners of the North:

"Are you a Massachusetts soldier?" said a woman elegantly dressed, and doubtless deemed a lady in Baltimore. "I am, madam," was the courteous answer of the officer thus addressed. "Well, thank God, my husband is in the Southern army, ready to kill such hirelings as you." "Do you not miss him, madam?" said the officer. "Oh, yes, I miss him a good deal." "Very well, madam, we are going South in a few days, and will try to find him and *bring him back here* with his companions."

The early tone of the South was arrogant in the extreme. In February, 1861, a Charleston paper thus speaks of the North, at that time hopelessly divided, with a President disliking secession, but disliking coercion more—with abolitionists half inclined to let the south go, and Democrats anxious to bring it back by any concession:

"The South *might*, after uniting under a new confederacy, treat the disorganized and demoralized Northern States as *insurgents*, and deny them recognition. But if peaceful division ensues, the South, after taking the Federal capital and archives, and being recognized by all foreign powers as the government *de facto*, can, if they see proper, recognize the Northern Confederacy, or Confederacies, and enter into treaty stipulations with them. Were this not done, it would be difficult for the Northern States to take a place among nations, and their flag would not be respected nor recognized."

We well remember the time when it was thought that a people who could brag so loudly were not likely to fight well. The war, however, has proved an old truth—"sometimes a paradox"—that boasters do not always turn out cowards. But since there has been real fighting, this bragging has died out. The above was written before a single shot had been fired. On the Northern side there was a fully equal amount of "ninety days" vaunting, which continued till the end of the second year of the conflict, not unsatirized among themselves. "General," said Jack Major Downing, "I always observed that those persons who have got a great deal to say about bein' ready to shed the last drop of their blood are amazin' particular about the first drop." Altogether, the light tone of the Northern press in the earlier part of the war—their certainty that it would be a "one-horse rebellion"—was evident in the whole tone of their humorous writing during 1861.

The following, from Artemus Ward to the Prince of Wales, was published before the recent outburst of hatred of Great Britain:

"In my country we've got a war, while your country manetanes a nootral position. Yes, sir, we've got a war, and the troo Patrit has to make sacrifi-ses. I have alreddy given two cousins to the war, and I stand reddy to sacrifis my wife's brother rather'n not see the rebellyn krusht. And if wuss comes to wuss, I'll shed every drop of blood my able-bodied relations has got to prosekoot the war. I think somebody ought to be prosekooted, and it may as well be the war as anybody else."

The same writer reports one of this orator's speeches, made when the North began to doubt whether the negro was worth fighting for:

"Feller Sittersuns—The African may be our brother. Several hily rispectable gentlemen and some talented females tell us so, and for argyment sake I might be injooced to grant it, tho' I don't believe it myself. But the African isn't our sister and wife and unkle. He isn't severil of our brothers and fust wife's relashuns. He isn't our grandfather and grate grandfather and aunt in the country. Scarcely—and yet numeris persons would have us think so. It's troo he runs Congress and severil others grosseries, but he ain't everybody. But we've got the African, or ruther he's got us, and how are we going to do about it? He's a orful nooisance. Perhaps he isn't to blame for it. P'raps he was created for some wise purpis, like the measles and New England rum, but it's misty hard to see it. At any rate he is here, and as I stated to Mr. What-is-it, it's a pity he coodent go off somewheres quietly by hisself, where he cood wear red weskits and speckled neckties, and gratify his ambition in varis interestin waysе without havin a eternal fuss up about him. Perhaps I'm bearing down too hard on Cuffy."

We do not know that column after column of leading articles, or letters from special correspondents, or tomes of essays, or libraries of big books could give a better idea of the real feeling of the Americans about the negro—at all events during the early part of the struggle—than the above mock oration. There was, in the first year of the war, in the minds of nearly all politicians, including the moderate Republicans, an impatience of the peril into which the African had brought the Union—a thorough conviction that Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips and the men of Boston generally, who knew very little of the unfortunate descendant of Ham, had made too much of the negro, and that "nigger on the brain" had driven wise men mad. The feeling found utterance in many speeches and articles, and at length took official form when Mr. Lincoln, in words almost as curt as those of Artemus Ward, and quite as uncouth, advised the African to emigrate, and offered to assist him. The Americans are not an unkindly people; they are excessively good-humored; but their long cowardice in facing the fact of African slavery has certainly come home to them bitterly enough, and it is no great wonder that there should be in their tone an irritable impatience at the terrible burden they have brought upon themselves—a burden which even the close of the war will not lift off. Gen. Banks has had to report that nearly fifty per cent. of the negroes within his lines have died since the Union troops took possession of the district under his control—and, we are sure, without any intentional inhumanity on the part of the Federal troops. But the shiftless negro, under new and inexperienced masters, is very likely to learn every vice of civilization, and to suffer for his sins. The United States will no doubt manfully endeavor to meet the difficulty, for there is too much publicity and good feeling to permit any authorized cruelty and neglect; and the "sneaking kindness" of the people for the negro is best indicated in the doubt finally expressed by Mr. Artemus Ward, "Perhaps I'm bearing down too hard on Cuffy."

That there is but one St. Shoddy, and that the contractors make great profits, is American religion at all times. We have in the next anecdote an appreciation of the truth:—

"No, William Baker, you cannot have my daughter's hand in marriage until you are her equal in wealth and social position." The speaker was a haughty old man of some sixty years, and the person he addressed was a fine-looking young fellow of twenty-five. With a sad aspect the young man withdrew from the stately mansion. Six months later he stood again in the presence of the haughty father, who thus angrily addressed him:—"What, you here again?" "Ah, old man," proudly exclaimed William Baker, "I am here your daughter's equal, and yours." The old man's lips curled with scorn. A derisive smile lit up his cold features, when casting violently upon the marble centre-table an enormous roll of greenbacks, William Baker cried, 'See, look on this wealth, and I've tenfold more. Listen, old man; you spurned me from your door, but I did not despair. I secured a contract for supplying the army of ——— with beef—" "Yes! yes!" eagerly exclaimed the old man. "And I bought up all the disabled cavalry horses I could find." "I see, I see," cried the old man; "and very good beef they make, too." "They do, they do; and the profits are immense." "I should say so." "And now, sir, I claim your daughter's fair hand." "Boy, she is yours; but hold—look me in the eye. Throughout all this time have you been loyal?" "To the core," cried William Baker. "And," continued the old man, in a voice husky with emotion, "are you in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war?" "I am, I am." "Then, boy, take her! Maria, child, come hither. Your William claims thee. Be happy, my children; and whatever our lot in life may be, let us all support the Government."

From the camps we have few stories, but one—highly complimentary to Arkansas—supplies us with an entirely new history of the causes of the continuance of the conflict. The Federal soldiers at Helena used to amuse the inhabitants of that place, on their first arrival, by telling them yarns. They reported that, some time ago, "Jeff Davis got tired of the war, and wished President Lincoln to meet him on neutral ground, to discuss the terms of peace. They met accordingly, and after a talk concluded to settle the war by dividing the territory and stopping the fighting. The North took the Northern states, and the South the Gulf and the seaboard Southern states. Lincoln took Texas and Missouri, and Davis Kentucky and Tennessee, so that all were parcelled off excepting Arkansas. Lincoln didn't want it—Jeff wouldn't have it. Neither would consent to take it, and on that they split, and the war has been going on ever since."

Hints to Writers and Speakers.

William Cullen Bryant gave the following excellent advice to a young man who offered him an article for the Evening Post:

"My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your article. I think if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance when I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I found a better one in my own language.

"Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do. Call a spade not a well-known oblong instrument of manual industry; let a home be a home, not a residence; a place a place, not a locality, and so of the rest. Where a short word will do, you always lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness, you lose in honest expression of your meaning; and, in the estimation of all men who are competent to judge, you lose in reputation for ability.

"The only true way to shine even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a very thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

"Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say, and within the rules of prudence. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry by carrying about bladders of strange gases to breathe, but he will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, who lives on common air.

"Sydney Smith once remarked: 'After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half of the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it is.'"

Fancy Stocks.

The perils of dealing in fancy stocks are strikingly illustrated by a table published in the Springfield Republican, the figures of which were obtained from official records at the State House. The table gives the names of fifty-six gold, copper, and coal mining companies which swore to paid-up capitals amounting altogether to $17,330,000. In May last the value of this capital stock had fallen to $4,231,072; and in November, six months later, to $1,624,400. These stocks have thus lost over ninety per cent. of their original par value. Seven of the companies are reported as entirely worthless, having lost all the capital that was ever paid in, which in most cases was, no doubt, much less than the amount sworn to. That many of them were merely speculative is shown by the fact that only nine of them claimed deductions on their state taxes for real estate taxed elsewhere, and the aggregate of the taxes paid elsewhere by these nine companies was but $5,268 62. Some half-dozen of the companies have kept up their stock to some approximation to the original figures, but the remaining fifty, whose original capitals amounted to $15,620,000, have dropped down to $647,000—a small fraction over four per cent. remaining. Although not a large proportion of the original capitals was paid in in money, a great deal has been invested in good faith in the purchase of the stock by parties who did not originate them. In this way millions must have been lost.

☞ The resumption of navigation brings to the wharves of Philadelphia fleets of vessels laden with sugar and molasses from the West Indies, with manufactured goods from the eastern ports, with grain from the Delaware peninsula, with lumber, &c., from Maine, and sends away other fleets on all the errands of commerce, laden with coal, petroleum, naval and military stores, produce, &c.

☞ Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges. We let our blessings get mouldy and then call them curses.

☞ At Rheims a will has been set aside for "ingratitude"—a cause known to the Code Napoleon. The ingratitude was of a very decided character, for it consisted in murdering the testator.

☞ High Wages.—An advertisement appeared in the London Times, lately, for "A *Christian* young lady to teach the pianoforte, and assist in the instruction of the junior pupils in a school; *no salary*."

☞ A mechanic of Milwaukie has manufactured two wonderful pieces of cabinet work, intended as presents for the President and Mrs. Lincoln. One is an ordinary sized centre table, of octagonal form, composed of twenty thousand different pieces of wood.

☞ Punch says:—"We have much pleasure in announcing a sweet thing in coiffures. It consists in a bandeau formed of gold and silver, and set with diamonds and other precious stones of various colors, arranged in two numerical figures indicating the wearer's age."

☞ The Empress of the French wore at a recent "family" gathering a vaporous dress, of white muslin, with a tunic of cherry-colored satin, trimmed with black lace and jet, and a river of diamonds on a narrow black velvet ribbon; an ornament she is rather addicted to wearing, probably because it looks well on that beautiful long, sunny neck of hers; it would be very ugly on almost every other woman.

☞ In Baltimore secesh circles it is stated that there is really a serious misunderstanding between Gen. Lee and Jeff. Davis, and that the breach, instead of healing, grows wider and wider.

☞ A young lady jumped from a railroad train in England, lately, to avoid an assault from a fellow-passenger, and was fined fifty cents for jumping from a train while in motion. This is a singular exemplification of English justice.

☞ A good man may be said to resemble the fig-tree; which, without pronuding blossoms and flowers, like some other trees, and raising expectations which are often deceitful, seldom fails to produce fruit in its season."—*Jortin's Tracts.*

☞ Then and Now.—The Charleston Mercury said four years ago: "The miserable fanatics and charlatans at Washington are pursuing the very course of policy we most earnestly desire them to pursue." The Charleston Mercury now says: "Our paper is suspended with a view to its temporary removal to another point. This is rendered necessary by the progress of military events."

☞ The Gospel of the Day.—The Gospel according to St. Lucre and St. Petroleum.

Fashions for March.

[FROM LE FOLLET, OF PARIS.]

Everything in Paris is subject to the caprices of fashion, even to the colors selected for the attire of the different seasons; and if the chivalric sentiments of the present day required each faithful knight to wear the colors of his lady, the changes would be frequent, if not irksome. Just now the black and white predominate for all gala and public dress, to such an extent that almost every lady's colors are those usually worn by every gentleman; and there might be some difficulty in recognising these, but that the old custom of wearing "her color" has been relinquished. The order of the day is simplicity united with good taste—a union productive of the best results, even in these days of dressy ostentation, when, in spite of the gaudiness inherent in many of the articles worn, a certain degree of elegance is obtainable in their disposition and arrangement.

For indoor wear the Zouave vest, in cashmere or in velvet, with the trimmings special thereto, is still in considerable favor in Paris. Skirts are made on purpose to be worn with these vests, as well as with the braided canezous, in foulard or in cashmere. We may here note that satins are quite *a la mode again*, even for ball costume, the turquoise blue, pale rose, and pearl gray colors being preferred. The gray especially, either in crape or satin, has been particularly remarked at the recent *bals de la Cour*. The taste for fur trimmings in rolls or narrow bands on pardessus has turned to account the merits of the sable tails. They are particularly charming on black velvet vestements, no matter of what form. Where the clan-trimming might be found too expensive, strips of martin fur may be employed with advantage. In the way of jewelry, the crystal ornaments recently introduced are much less admired for wear as earrings; but they are applied with excellent effect in the hair, or among foliage in floral ornaments for the head.

EVENING DRESS.—Light gray moire antize robe, provided with a passementerie ornament fringed with light beads, so placed on the dress as to simulate a tunic. The bows down the front of the skirt, of the same material as the dress, are edged with two rows of beads. The corsage is ornamented in a similar style. Gray velvet bonnet *a fanchon*; a velvet band passing across the middle, attaches the lace of the fanchon.

BALL DRESS.—White silk robe, ornamented with rolls of satin surmounting a flounce composed of upright satin rolls between two rows of white satin fluting. Over the robe is a tunic forming a sort of train, and surrounded with a flounce of plaits and bouillonnes very similar to the ornamentation of the lower part of the dress. The corsage is round, and the berths is trimmed to match the other portions of this ball toilet. Pearl necklace and head-dress of marguerites.

WALKING DRESS.—Light brown silk robe, trimmed round the skirt with two wide bands of black velvet edged with small balls, and surmounting a plaited flounce. The corsage habit, or goat corsage, is also trimmed with velvet balls and passementerie round the edge of the back-turned tails. Green crape bonnet, without bavolet, but ornamental behind with a profusion of magenta velvet ribbons.

Stewart, the Merchant Millionaire of New York.

He has many partners, but they are only partners in profits. He is the sole master of all that is bought and sold. He knows every article that comes in or goes out of the store. No bundle leaves without a check. He selected a shawl for his wife one day, and neglecting to check it, it could not leave the building. No merchant in New York works so many hours or gives such undivided attention to his business. His rooms are in his down-town store. He comes down early, takes his dinner about five o'clock, returns and remains at his work till late at night. He finds his pleasure in business. He is as difficult to approach as the Grand Lama. Go to the store, and you will be met at the door by a courteous gentleman, once an affluent merchant, who kept his own establishment. To your question if Mr Stewart is in, a response comes, "What is your business?" "I want to see Mr. Stewart." "You can't see him unless I know your business; I must know what you want, sir." It is private, you say. "Mr. Stewart has no private business." If your statement is satisfactory, you are allowed to pass up stairs. Here you are met by another bland, but portly gentleman, once a judge in one of our courts, now the confidential business agent and companion of Mr. Stewart, to whom he devotes all his time. He subjects you to a series of cross-questions as vigorous as if you were on a stand at court. He keeps you from Stewart if he can. If he can't, when your turn comes, he ushers you into a little box, 10 by 20, where sits the autocrat of the New York merchants. He receives you with a blank countenance and a cold eye. His voice is suppressed, his face inanimate, and his air impatient. You hurry through your business, and need a strong temptation to induce you to run the gauntlet again.

A SOLEMN SCENE—HUSBAND AND WIFE DIE IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS—One day last week, says the Eastern State (Mass.) Journal, the School Street Church was the scene of a sad funeral, that of Jos. S. Defrees and wife, of Ballardville, who were found dead in their bed, in that town, two or three mornings since, in each other's arms. They had been suffocated by coal gas, having had a coal fire in the stove the previous evening, and the damper being discovered shut squarely off after the room door was forced. Mr *Defrees* formerly lived in Boston. They were married scarcely a year since. The deceased lay in the position in which they were found, nearly on their backs, his arm extending under her neck, and his hand under her shoulder, their faces slightly inclining towards each other. Her cheeks wore a slight tinge, almost like life, for she was naturally of good color, and their dark hair seemed to rest but in sleep on the silken pillow. It was a picture of conjugal affection, saddened by the presence of death. The lady was clad in green silk, and her husband in a dark dress suit. The silver plate bore an inscription showing that Mr. Defrees was aged twenty-seven years and three months, and his wife, Mrs. Augusta Defrees, twenty-six years and three months.

☞ Said Archbishop Whateley: "I have long sought for some instances of invention or discovery by a woman. And the best I have been able to find is *Tarrant's Soda-Water!*"

Abd-el-Kader's Camel.

A short time since the inhabitants of Vienna were surprised to see a lame old camel passing through that city, enveloped in a rich covering of Oriental fabric. The "ship of the desert" was towed along by a commissionaire, and was accompanied by two young Arabs, who seemed to be very anxious that their four-footed charge should proceed in safety. It turned out that the poor old animal was worthy of all the care bestowed on it, as it had partaken of all the vicissitudes of the life of Abd-el-Kader, and had even carried him in the mountains when an infant. Later on, when the Emir was engaged in opposing the French, the faithful beast, though sadly wounded, saved the life of his master by carrying him and his two wives to a place of safety. Since then the camel and the Emir have been seldom separated, at least with the will of the latter; but as old age and infirmity have sadly undermined the health of the animal, the Emir sent it to Paris in order that it might receive the best veterinary advice.

NEW RATION FOR SOLDIERS.—Professor Horsford, some year or two ago, published a pamphlet showing how the soldier's ration could be made more palatable, and at the same time less bulky, so that a greater amount of nutriment could be carried on a march, without incurring the weight of the rations. Gen. Grant has recommended that it be tried in the army—and a half million of the new rations has been ordered by the War Department. It substitutes roasted wheat for "hard tack," meat sausage in the place of salt beef, pork, &c., and self-raising flour in the place of soft bread, for a marching ration. It is said that thirty days of Horsford's rations can be carried with less difficulty than eight of the present ration. The saving of expense to the army will be very great, if only in the matter of transportation, if this substitute will answer, and we do not see why it will not.

☞ If your potatoes freeze in the cellar, don't wait for them to thaw, but throw them into a conical heap, either where they are, or in the open air, and cover with dirt, straw, shavings, old clothes, or chaff, packed tight with them, and they are safe. The cover will prevent sudden changes, which cause all the mischief.

☞ It is generally known that all receipts for money over $20 must be stamped to be valid. But it is not known that all letters acknowledging the receipt of money, in sums exceeding $20, must also be stamped. If A addresses a letter to B saying, "Your letter of Feb. 15, enclosing $100 on account, has been received," it has been decided that there is no difference from one where he writes: "Received from B $100 on account." Both are receipts.

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The hair is renovated and strengthened and restored to its original color without the application of mineral substances. Can be applied by the hand or brush, as it does not stain the skin or soil the finest linen. Delicately perfumed. A pleasure to apply. Price 75 cents per bottle, or $6 the half dozen. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. feb18-eow

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts and stocks of Flour continue very light. The week's sales comprise about 5,000 bbls, at $9@9,75 for common and good superfine, $10@10,75 for extras, $10,75@11,75 for extra family, and $12,@12,75 for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal—Sales 500 bbls at $8,50 for the former, and $7,75 ₩ bbl for the latter, Pa. Meal.

GRAIN comes in slowly. Sales 20,000 bushels Wheat, mostly Pennsylvania reds, at $2,40@2,55 for fair to choice, and white at $2,55@2,75 for fair Kentucky. Rye is selling at $1,75@1,77. Corn—30,000 bushels found buyers at $1,59@1,57 for yellow and $1,56@1,54 for white. Oats—About 35,000 bushels have been disposed of, at 93c@97c.

PROVISIONS—There is little or nothing doing in bbld Meats and market is unsettled and drooping, the sales being in a small way only at $37@39 for country and city Mess Pork, and $30@34 for Mess Beef, the latter for extra Western. Beef Hams are selling at $27 ₩ bbl. Bacon is limited at 20@24c for plain and fancy Hams, and 20@21c for Shoulders. Green Meats are quiet at 20@21c for pickled Hams, and 18@19c for salt and pickled Shoulders. Lard is lower and very quiet at 21@24c for tierce, and 23@27c for kegs—the latter for prime Western. Butter moves off slowly at 30 to 50c for packed, and 35 to 40c for common to good and choice roll. Cheese is steady at 18@25c ₩ lb for common to prime Western and New York state. Eggs are lower and more plenty, with sales at 26@28c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market is depressed and drooping. Sales 200 bales, in small lots, at 78@80c for middlings.

BARK—Sales of Quercitron at $38 for 1st No. 1.

BEESWAX is selling at 66@68c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market is rather quiet, at $8,75@9,50 ₩ ton, on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—Sales 12 0 bags, mostly Rio, at 38@43c. Some small lots of St Domingo at 38@39½c, and Java at 45c ₩ lb, cash.

FEATHERS are quiet at 75@78c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are mostly confined to Dried Apples and Peaches, at 12@14c for the former, and 20@22c for unpared Peaches. Very little doing in Green Apples or Cranberries.

HAY—We quote baled at $30 ₩ ton.

HOPS are dull and selling at 45@55c for new Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for this staple continues dull. Makers of Pig Metal are free sellers at $40@45 for Forge, and $50@52 for Foundry.

LUMBER—The market is very inactive.

OILS—Petroleum continues quiet; and the sales are mostly confined to free refined Oil at 87@90c, as to lots. Bonded Oil is scarce and nominally held at 67@68c, and crude at 42@43c, without sales.

PLASTER is in steady demand at $5@5½ ₩ ton.

SEEDS—There has been a good demand for Clover-seed, with sales and resales of 50 0 bus, at $16@16 ₩ bus. Timothy is selling at $3@3 ₩ bus, as to quality, and Flaxseed slowly at $3 40@3,50 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells slowly at $2,45@2,50; Whiskey is lower and the sales limited to some 500 bbls in lots at $2,28@2,30 for Penna and Western.

SUGARS—Sales 80 hhds Cuba at 15@18c.

TALLOW is unsettled at 15@16c ₩ lb.

WOOL—Prices are very irregular, with a small business only to note within the range of 85@$1 for mixed Western and fine Socco, including small lots reported at a less figure, and tub at $1,10@1,12.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized from $14 to $2,00 ₩ 100 lbs. 2500 Hogs at from $19,00 to $1,00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 10 to 12½c ₩ lb. 115 Cows brought from $30 to 55 ₩ head.

THE SOLDIER'S TRUE FRIEND.—For over forty years, Doctor Holloway has been supplying all the armies of Europe with his PILLS AND OINTMENT they having proved themselves the only medicines able to cure the worst cases of Dysentery, Scurvy, Sores, Wounds and Bruises. Every knapsack should contain them. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

ARMY ITCH VERY PREVALENT. SURE CURE.
"*Dr Swayne's All-Healing Ointment*"
"*Dr Swayne's All-Healing Ointment*"
Cures Tetter, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Sores, all Eruptions. Price 50 cents. By sending 60 cents to DR SWAYNE & SON, 330 North SIXTH Street, Philadelphia, a box will be mailed to any part of the United States. feb18-eow

COX'S TONIC ELIXIR is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, SAMUEL C HART, No. 26 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally. 4

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,25. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 122 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Jan., by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. WILLIAM C. EPLEY to Miss JOSEPHINE J. GREENLEAF, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev W. Cathcart, Mr. LEWIS BALDY to Miss REBECCA C. PELTY, both of this city.

On the 28th of May, by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, Mr. WILLIAM B SCLEIGH, of Hagerstown, Md., to Miss MARGARET V. MONTIOY, of Philada.

On the 1d instant, by the Rev Dr. J. H. Alday, Mr FREDERICK B SHAFER to Miss KATE R. HOFFMAN, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. G. W. Jerman, PHILIP LACH to MARRIET M. MOORE, both of this city.

On the 28th of Feb., 1865, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr JOHN MYERS to Miss ELLEN BRENNEL, both of this city.

On the 2d of Jan., by the Rev. Wm Cathcart, Mr. DAVID WALTER to Miss CAROLINE STROCKBINE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Hardentown, N. J., on the 9th instant, MARY R., widow of the late Caleb Field, in the 80th year of her age.

On the 7th instant, PETER BURKHART, in his 81st year.

On the 7th instant, JOHN B. ELLISON, in his 72d year.

On the 6th instant, MARY, wife of the late John Godfrey, aged 78 years.

On the 6th instant, ROBERT E. MORRELL, aged 75 years.

On the 5th instant, JOHN WOODS, in his 56th year.

On the 5th instant, JOHN H. NEWMAN, in his 30th year.

On the 5th instant, THOMAS BOND, in his 28th year.

On the 2d instant, WILLIAM L. MANDERSON, in his 43d year.

On the 2d instant, Rev. EDWARD C. JONES, A. M., aged 44 years.

On the 2d instant, ELMIRA HAINES, aged 42 years.

On the 7th instant, SUSANNAH, wife of Samuel B. Jones, aged 53 years.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.
EYRE & LANDELL.
ESTABLISHED IN 1840.
We always adhere to good Goods, and depend on fair dealing for patronage.
GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS.
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.
mar18-1y

THE FRANKLIN SAVING FUND,
No. 136 South Fourth St., Below Chestnut,
Pays five per cent. Interest on Deposits. Agents for the sale of United States 7 3-10 Loans at Par, Government, State and City Loans and Stocks bought and sold for depositors and others on Commission.
mar18-3m

No Piano is Complete Without
"THE HOME CIRCLE." A coll. of Marches, Waltzes, Polkas, Schottisches, Redowas, Quadrilles, Contra Dances, Four Hand Pieces and Piano Gems. 2 vols. "THE SHOWER OF PEARLS," a collection of choice Duets, with Piano Accompaniments. "THE SILVER CHORD," a collection of Songs, Ballads, Quartets, Duets, &c., with Piano Accompaniments. "OPERATIC PEARLS," a collection of Gems from the Best Operas, with Piano Accompaniments. Price of each plain, $2,50; Cloth, $3; Full gilt, $4. Mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price. OLIVER DITSON & Co., mar18-4t Publishers, Boston.

A WATCH FREE,
And $15 to $20 per day, made easy, selling our *Latest Novelty*, now creating such an *Immense Sensation* and extraordinary demand throughout the *Army* and Country. The *Great, New*, and *Wonderful* PRIZE POST-SOLIOS. Extra Large Size 7 by 12. *Just Out*. Each of which contains *Several Dollars' Worth* of useful and *Valuable Goods*, Prizes, &c. Price only 25 cents. Articles that Soldiers and Families cannot *do without*. Thousands sold every day. Soldiers can clear a *Month's Pay* in one day. Agents wanted in every town, village and camp for this *Standard Article*. A splendid *Gold or Silver* WATCH presented *free* as a premium to every Agent. This is the greatest money-making and surest business of the day. Profits *very large*. Sales rapid. We *guarantee* any agent $15 per day. All goods forwarded, with premiums, *same day* the order is received. Catalogues, with wholesale prices and *Premium Inducements*, sent *free*.
S. C. RICKARDS & CO.,
102 Nassau St., N. Y., *Sole Manufacturers*.
feb4-13t

AGENTS, COME AND EXAMINE
An Invention urgently needed by everybody, or samples sent free by mail for 30 cents, which retail for $6 easily, by R. L. WOLCOTT,
feb18-1y No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

SECRET ART OF CATCHING FISH, in any water, as fast as you can pull them out, *and no humbug*. Sent for One Dollar. Address
UNION AGENCY, Boston, Mass.

GOLDEN BEAUTY.—One application warranted to curl the most straight or stubborn hair into wavy ringlets or money refunded. Price 50 cents. Sent by mail. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

RITTER'S PORTABLE DESK, PORTFOLIO AND CHECKERBOARD COMBINED. Carried in knapsack or valise. Contains 20 notions for writing, sewing, &c. *Wholesale by Sheppard & Riley, corner 7th and D sts., Washington, D. C.* Sent, post-paid, for $1,75 by A. J. RITTER,
feb18-4t Rahway, N. J.

Rates of Advertising.
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

CANVASSERS WANTED IMMEDIATELY.
Young men wanted to canvass this city for a new periodical. Apply at the office of this paper, 319 Walnut St. Good references required.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with
Plain Table, $55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 65

No. 2 Machine, with
Waxed Black Walnut Table, $65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 100

No. 1 Machine, with
Polished Table, $75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut, 82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

P. S. PETERSON & Co.,
(Late Withers & Peterson,)
39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,
STOCK AND EXCHANGE
BROKERS.
STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.
7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.
All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.
UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.
Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.
DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
my9-1y

ARMY BADGES!
MASONIC EMBLEMS!
GOLD PENS AND CASES!
B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweller,
No. 218 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
I will send, as sample, on the receipt of $1,50, a SOLID SILVER BADGE, (pure coin,) appropriate for either Corps or Division, Cavalry, Artillery, Pontooned, Engineer, or Signal Corps Departments of the Army, with your name, regiment, and company, handsomely engraved thereon.
And for $1.50 I will send a FINE GOLD PEN, (warranted,) with SILVER EXTENSION-CASE and PENCIL.
And for $2 I will send a Solid GOLD-ENAMELED MASONIC PIN.
☞ AGENTS WANTED everywhere. Send for Wholesale Illustrated Circular. ja28 9t

Morris Farm Oil Company,
OFFICE, 226 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia,
SECOND STORY FRONT ROOM.
☞ Circulars can be procured upon application at the office of the Company. mar11-9t

THE PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for JAN., FEB. and MARCH, have 32 quarto pages each, and beautiful illustrated Covers. They contain Portraits of Tennyson, Stillman, Sheridan, Cobb, Phillips, Susanna Wesley—Mother of John—an Indian Chief, Franz Muller, Miss Muggins, Miss Fury, the Princess of Wales, Florence Nightingale, A Group of Warriors—Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, Pizarro, Cromwell, Charles XII., Frederick the Great, Scott, Wellington, and Napoleon. The Great Surgeons of the world—Harvey, Abernethy, Jenner, Hunter, Cooper, Mott, and Carnochan. Also W. S. Landor, Mrs Farnham, Mr. Clark, Mr Kilbourn, Mr. Merrill, etc. Prof. Owen on the Brain; The Human Face; Pre-existence; with Ethnology, Phrenology, Physiology, Physiognomy, and Psychology. Gov. Fenton; Edward Everett, the Orator; Aristotle, the Philosopher; Major Davidson, the Patriot; Charles Fourier; W. H. Fry; The Races of Men; Caucasians, Mongolians, Ethiopians, American Indians, Malays, with Grouped Portraits of each, and a map showing the Geographical distribution of the Races; How the Brain changes the Cranium; The Inscrutable; Forreading, and Seeing at Sea, etc. All Double Numbers, with numerous Illustrations, sent by first post, for 60 cents, or $2 per year. Address, Messrs. FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y. mar11-2t

"TO DEALERS IN TOBACCO AND SEGARS."
Those wishing to purchase Tobacco and Segars, Pipes, &c., are requested to send for our Wholesale Price List, as we manufacture Segars and Tobacco. By buying of us you can obtain the best qualities at first prices. M. B. DEAN, Tobacconist,
feb18-3m 413 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will grow them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
feb27-1f 199 Nassau street, New York City.

B. FRANK PALMER.
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.
The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection*. *Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competitors, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*
Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.
The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.
All former partnerships have expired by limitation.
Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oct21-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

ORA, THE LOST WIFE.
This powerful novel, by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, is now for sale by booksellers generally. We call attention to the following notices:

From the New York Evening Post.
"The author, who, as it appears by the dedication, is a lady, possesses one of the qualities necessary to the success of a novelist, in a high degree; that is to say, the power of interesting the reader and inspiring him with an increasing curiosity to learn the issue of the series of embarrassments with which she surrounds the heroine of her story. On the plot of this single narration, she has lavished enough of incident to serve a writer of ordinary frugality for three or four novels, such as form the staple of circulating libraries. The reader has hardly time to criticise the probability of one interesting situation, before he is hurried on to another. Along with this facility of invention, there is great pathos, in the tenderer scenes. The heroine, the Lost Wife, is a beautiful, accomplished and heroic young woman, with many admirable traits of character, but betrayed by her pride into errors which are the source of great misfortunes. Her character is drawn with much skill and power. Perhaps it is a defect in the work, that she is made so little conscious of her own errors, but it is a work of much talent and no little promise."

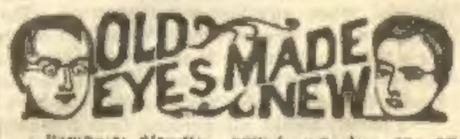
From Godey's Lady's Book.
ORA, THE LOST WIFE.—This is a very extraordinary novel for its power and its pathos. There are some scenes in it that we think cannot be excelled. The character of the heroine is well drawn, and apparently from life. The scene of the death of little Ada is perfectly beautiful, and the characters stand out in the book like living personages. We cannot call it a sensation novel, although it is as full of incidents as any of the works of Miss Braddon or Mrs. Wood—quite as interesting, but far more natural. Altogether it is one of the most readable and interesting novels that has been presented to the public for years. The authoress of "Ora" has made her mark; let her follow it up, and we will hear of her as one of the most popular novel writers of our country.

From the Quincy (Ill.) Herald.
ORA, OR THE LOST WIFE.—This novel comes highly spoken of by various newspaper authorities. The Saturday Evening Post announces it a book of "more than the average degree of ability." It looks forward to the future career of the authoress, as "one of much brightness, and honor well deserved." The Cincinnati Commercial says its "characters are admirably drawn, the plot well conceived, chaining the reader to the narrative with breathless interest to the close. In no part or portion does the story lose its wonderful power, but carries us on to the closing line, when it leaves us wishing for a continuation." The N. Y. Reformer asserts that the writer "displays an accurate knowledge of the motives, passions, loves and resentments that control human action, rarely witnessed in modern novels of this kind. The book is beautifully and artistically written, &c." Arthur's Home Magazine speaks of the "surpassing powers" of the fair authoress. What higher praise could a young author ask than is contained in the above quotations? It is doubtful if the "Great Unknown" received more unreserved commendation and laudation, when he astonished the English world with "Waverly" and its successors. The best novelists of the day, and certainly no previous time has produced better, are not more highly spoken of than the authoress of "Ora, or the Lost Wife."
The author of this popular story is BELLA Z. SPENCER, who is well known to many of our citizens. A second edition is now being published by Messrs Lippincott & Co., *Philada.* Price $1.50.
jan14-tf

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE,
No. 18 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.
Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. je18-1y

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,
Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
dec 17-tf Box 920, Boston, Mass.



Pamphlet directing how to spectacle suit sight and give up spectacles without aid of Doctor or medicine. Sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cts.
Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D.,
Jan7-3m 1130 Broadway, New York.

CURL YOUR HAIR, LADIES.
The beautiful art of curling straight hair, as discovered by Professor Hobb, will be sent FREE in his *Journal of Beauty*, which will teach all how to curl their hair in soft, beautiful, luxuriant, massive curls. Address, with stamp,
Prof. B. B. HOBB,
mar11-3t Parkman, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to WM. EARL, 12 White St., New York. jan7-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Short and Sad.

Mr. Dwindle is a dwarfish man, forever complaining of imaginary troubles. His neighbor Spindle, on the contrary, is ever cheerful, as if his extraordinary height lifted him above the ills of life. Knowing his neighbor's chronic gloom, he lately strove to laugh it out of him.

"Ah, Mr. Spindle," said the short raven, waddling up to him. "I am very sad, to-day. I'm thinking what my poor family would do if I was to be cut off."

"Cut off? You can't be cut off. You're too short. You have been cut off already."

"Drop off, I mean."

"I don't see how you could drop, either. You are too near the ground."

"I fear I shall be taken down sick."

"Taken down? 'Taken up,' you should say."

"I am going to my long home."

"Not the grave, then; that is sure to be short for you."

"Something tells me I have not long to live."

"Length, you mean; but if your length don't exist, your brevity may."

"I tell you I am down-hearted."

"Why, your whole body is down, and of course your heart must be."

"I am low-spirited."

"While it remains in the body, it must be low."

"Continually under the weather."

"We're all under the weather, and short men must expect to be under the most weather."

"I think so much of the grave that the earth seems to yawn beneath me."

"Beneath you? Well, you ought to be thankful that anything is beneath you."

"You show little sympathy, Spindle. I know I shall soon give up."

"Not so much to give up as I must."

"Don't tease me—I am wading deep in trouble."

"It can't be very deep if you can wade in it."

"I am reduced to extremities, sir."

"Your extremities are not to be compared with mine."

"I consider my life forfeited."

"Four-feeted? You never were but four feet; you can't reasonably expect to grow to five feet at fifty years of age."

"I am near my latter end—no use to joke."

"You were always near to all your ends; they ought to be familiar by this time."

"Drat you, Spindle—there! You've got no feeling. You won't always be in such high spirits. You pride yourself on your long legs, but Death has got longer, and when he does overtake and get at you with his scythe, I hope he won't mow you down all at once, but make a long job of it, and take you a foot at a time."

True to the Letter.

A true tale is told of Mr. Slipheimer, the famous Saxon dentist. He had a valuable tortoise-shell cat, that for days did nothing but moan. Guessing the cause, he looked into his mouth, and seeing a decayed tooth, he soon relieved it of its pain. The following day there was at least ten cats at his door; the day after twenty; and they went on increasing at such a rate that he was obliged to keep a bull dog to drive them away. But nothing would help him. A cat that had the toothache would come any number of miles to see him. It would come down the chimney even, and not leave the room till he had taken its tooth out. It grew to be such a nuisance at last that he was never free from one of those feline patients. However, being one morning very nervous, &c., he accidentally broke the jaw of an old tabby. The news of this spread like wildfire. Not a single cat ever came to him afterwards. This is related as true. Do you doubt it? Of course not.

An Ugly Lawyer.

We recollect, some quarter of a century back, to have been present at a district court session in the country, when a gentleman had been made an unwilling juror. Being a man of infinite wit, he made his enforced position one of as much amusement to himself as possible; and among other ways of doing so, declared it to be his intention to decide every cause according to the personal appearance of the parties. Having announced his first verdict to have been based on this theory, the "simple hinds" who were in litigation began to suspect that such was really his course. But when his next verdict was given it was against a quite good-looking lady, who openly complained of his fickleness.

"Oh," said he, "madam, you are very good-looking yourself, but you had a very ugly lawyer."

Many good causes are injured by ill-favored advocacy.

A Smart Boy.—A little girl, relating some of her anecdotes to her father, was told rather unceremoniously by a younger brother, a boy of ten years, that she had told that story often before. The father informed the boy that he had never heard it before, that it was perfectly new to him; but that even though it had been told before, its repetition might be useful and well-timed; and, as an illustration, reminded him that the lessons taught him at school were repetitions from the same book—that there was no *new* Bible.

"Well, I don't know," retorted he, "about there being no new *Bible*, but you know there is a *new* Testament."

Caution to the Public.—There was, "once upon a time," an old pilferer Down East, on whom all thefts, far and near, were at once charged, when any loss was discovered. The old fellow bore the universal "onus" patiently for a time; but finding that in some instances he was suffering for the sins of others, he issued a Caution to the Public in the usual form:

"I hereby forbid all persons, from this date, to steal on my account and risk. I am no longer accountable for their trespasses, as I have more than I can account for *of my own*."

☞ The happy parent of a new-born baby asked Quilp, to whom he was exhibiting it, if he had any children. "Nary *red*," was the brutal response.

☞ "Your mother is very poor, is she?" "Yes; she used to keep peanut stand, but she took a bad one dollar bill and failed."

☞ Black-eyed and blue-eyed people are admired and respected, but *mon eyed* people are worshipped.

THE CHARMS OF "SOCIETY."

Problem:—Given, the above sketch, representing a lot of people enjoying themselves:—Find out, by their demeanor:
1st. The papa and mamma whose daughter is playing a very long classical piece of music.
2nd. The papa and mamma who want *their* daughter to be playing instead.

How Girard Became Rich.

His neighbors, the merchants of Philadelphia, deemed him a lucky man. Many of them thought they could do as well as he, if they only had his luck. But the great volumes of his letters and papers, preserved in a room in Girard College, show that his success in business was not due, in any degree whatever, to good fortune. Let a money-making generation take note, that Girard principles inevitably produce Girard results. The grand, the fundamental secret of his success, as of all success, was *that he understood his business*. He had a personal, familiar knowledge of the ports with which he traded, the commodities in which he dealt, the vehicles in which they were carried, the dangers to which they were liable, and the various kinds of men through whom he acted. He observed everything, and forgot nothing. He had done everything himself which he had occasion to require others to do. His directions to his captains and supercargoes, full, minute, exact, peremptory, show the hand of a master. Every possible contingency was foreseen and provided for; and, he demanded the most literal obedience to the maxim, "Obey orders, though you break owners." He would dismiss a captain from his service forever, if he saved the whole profits of a voyage by departing from his instructions. He did so on one occasion. Add to this perfect knowledge of his craft that he had a self-control which never permitted him to anticipate his gains or spread too wide his sails; that his industry knew no pause; that he was a close, hard bargainer, keeping his word to the letter, but exacting his right to the letter; that he had no vices and no vanities; that he had no toleration for those calamities which result from vices and vanities; that his charities, though frequent, were bestowed only upon unquestionably legitimate objects, and were never profuse; that he was as wise in investing as skillful in gaining money; that he made his very pleasure profitable to himself in money gained, to his neighborhood in improved fruits and vegetables; that he had no family to maintain and indulge; that he held in utter aversion and contempt the costly and burdensome ostentation of a great establishment, fine equipages, and a costly retinue of servants; that he reduced himself to a money-making machine run at the minimum of expense;—and we have an explanation of his rapidly-acquired wealth. He used to boast, after he was a millionaire, of wearing the same overcoat for fourteen winters; and one of his clerks, who saw him every day for twenty years, declares that he never remembered having seen him wear a new-looking garment but once. Let us note, too, that he was an adept in the art of getting men to serve him with devotion. He paid small salaries, and was never known in his life to bestow a gratuity upon one who served him; but he knew how to make his humblest clerk feel that the master's eye was upon him always. Violent in his outbreaks of anger, his business letters are singularly polite, and show consideration for the health and happiness of his subordinates.—*James Parton.*

Morning Calls in Paris.

Most people know that it is the custom among the French, of almost every class of society, to appropriate one day in the week to stay at home and receive the visits of their friends and acquaintances. In former times when fortunes were supposed to be moderate in France, these weekly receptions enabled a mistress of a house or apartment, to live for six days out of the seven in the privacy of her bed-chamber, generally cozily enough arranged for comfort and convenience, and to leave the stiff, cold saloon, in its solitary grandeur and glory, until the reception day, when a fire was lighted in the huge square hole serving for a grate, and the due number of armchairs and divans were set forth with formal precision, for the expected visitors. On that day, and on that alone, the thoroughgoing *Parisienne* stayed at home, and dressed in her best, did the honors, and helped to discuss and cut up (?) absent friends; for on the other six days, what others had done to her, she had to go and do likewise, and attend Mrs. Such-a-one's Mondays, or Tuesdays, as the case might be. Now that every one in Paris has, by some mysterious process, become possessed of fortunes, the same reason does not, perhaps, influence the custom, but the custom has continued to exist, and, like everything else, has assumed the luxurious proportions of the age. These morning receptions have grown into displays of toilettes, unheard of in former days. The Duchess of Bassano and the Duchesse Tascher de la Pagerie, both have afternoon receptions in their saloons at the Tuileries, from three until seven o'clock, where dresses with trains, magnificent lace flounces, and burnouses, and an inordinate amount of jewelry, which would formerly have been voted in bad taste, succeed each other, and thus another source of rivalry and of expenditure has gradually been created. The trains worn to morning dresses on these occasions are quite a yard long at the back, while the bonnets are covered with pearls and beads, and even often adorned with jewels, attaching the tuft of feathers or the gaudy humming-bird placed in the front. Necklaces and crosses are worn round the neck, and, in fact, as little difference as possible is made between the costume of these morning calls and that required for dinners or other evening *reunions*. The consequence is, as my friend who was calling a few days ago at the Duchesse de Bassano's, added, that if you happen to be in a handsome morning dress, but *train*-less, the very footmen and lacqueys who announce your name look at you shyly, and can scarce bring themselves to throw open the folding-doors to such shabby visitors.—*Paris Letter.*

The Hole in the Sky.

More remarkable, perhaps, on account of its singularity, says Vigne in his travels in Mexico and South America, is the hole in the sky, (for it appears to be nothing else,) the dark space known to sailors as the "coal sack." It is well known, even to those who have not seen them, that one of the peculiarities of the southern heavens are dark, starless spots, but the "coal sack" may be termed black in comparison with the surrounding sky. It lies on the left of the cross as it faces an observer, and nearly touches the lower part of its major axis, which it equals in height. The curious abruptness and freshness of the oval-shaped and broken outline of its entire circumference suggests the idea of its having been formed by violence. It looks as if the canopy of Heaven had been shot through. The edges of two or three folds of strata, so to speak, are seen on the left side more particularly in receding perspective, and gradually leading to and blending into what appears to be black, lightless space beyond. Placed at the south pole, and so unlike anything else in the sky, it has an aspect of special design where all around is for design. It can be imagined a place of exit or ingress for mighty rushing forces; the 'adit from the light to a Tophet or outer darkness, or a "black Gehenna," with the cross shining in front of it.

☞ The only result of a feeble man's putting down his foot is to show how little it measures.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Ginger Wine.—Boil two and a-half ounces of sliced ginger with eight pounds of sugar, seven gallons of water, and the whites of four eggs. It must be scummed whilst boiling and strained afterwards, and left to stand till cold. Put it in a cask with the juice of three fine lemons and the peel of four, cut thin; add to this a spoonful of yeast. Stop the cask well, bottle in a fortnight, and let the bottles stand another week before drinking the wine.

Oat Meal Starch Pudding.—Take, say, two quarts of oat meal, and pour into it sufficient pure cold water to cover it well, let it stand about two days, then strain it through a sieve or cloth into a clean vessel. To make sure that you get all the substance out of the meal, after the first water is drained off, pour on it more water, and rub it well. Let the water stand till well settled, then pour off the top, and at the bottom will be found the starch. To make this perfectly pure and white, after you have turned off the first water, pour in on top of the starch a little more pure water, and after it has swelled, pour it off as before; this operation may be repeated till the starch becomes perfectly fine and white. It is then fit for cooking. This is done simply by putting a few spoonsful into a saucepan with fresh water, and a little salt. It will be done with about four minutes boiling.

Corn Starch Pie.—To one quart of milk, put two tablespoonsful of corn starch and two eggs, sweeten and season to your taste, line a pie-plate with crust, and bake as custard pie.

Good Spring Bread.—Spread eight quarts of flour in your bread bowl so as to leave a large cavity in the centre. Make two quarts of sifted white corn-meal into mush, by boiling it in either water or milk; and when it becomes cool enough to add the yeast without scalding it, turn it into the flour, stir in warm milk or water, mixing in a portion of the flour; add a teacupful of good hop yeast; cover the whole closely, and let it stand over night. Knead it well in the morning and make it into loaves. It will rise soon near the fire. Bake it thoroughly, and you will have an excellent article of light, sweet and nutritious bread, which will keep moist longer than any other, and make the flour "hold out" wonderfully.

AGRICULTURAL.

Official Fruit Opinions.

The winter meeting of the *Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York* took place a short time ago, and the proceedings have been published. These we have gone over with a diminished interest, in consequence of the general disappointment which has met us heretofore in our endeavor to discover something valuable in the deliberations. Indeed, with regard to the proceedings of the meeting now referred to, we cannot put our finger upon a single fact connected with it that would be of general value to the reader in the selection or cultivation of fruit. We do not say this out of any unkindness or the slightest disrespect to the many eminent fruit-growers who participated in that meeting; neither do we believe that any of them will ascribe any such intention to us; on the contrary, some of them will probably agree with us in the opinion as to the great difficulty experienced at these meetings to unite in any general recommendation, either in the selection of the several varieties of fruits, or in a common plan of cultivation.

We were considerably amused to read the opinions expressed in relation to grapes, always a subject of grave discussion at these meetings—sometimes becoming an excited one. The Concord grape met, as usual, with a good degree of favor; but one person denounced it in the strongest language as perfectly worthless, &c. His reasons were no doubt best known to himself; but we fancy that he found it too hardy in its nature—too rapid a grower—too early and too abundant a bearer—too easy a propagator, and too popular among the million, for the selling of other varieties on which he would make greater profits!

A Mr. A. M. Purdy, of South Bend, In., takes up the cudgels against the denunciator of the Concord. He says, the Concord "with us proves a rank, strong grower, comes into bearing the next year after setting, yields enormous crops of the finest out-door fruit I ever saw; bunches uniformly large and generally shouldered; berries thickly set on the stem, having the appearance of being wedged in, and of very large size, deep purple, and coated over with a rich bloom; flavor, in my estimation, not excelled. If I were to choose but one grape to cultivate, it would be the Concord. If any person at the West wishes to set a grape that will give entire satisfaction, set the Concord. If you wish to set a grape that you have not got to nurse for two or three years, to know whether it is growing into or out of the ground, set the Concord. If you wish to set a grape that *will* grow if neglected, (provided you are too lazy to take care of it,) set the Concord."

This is strong language in behalf of the Concord—much stronger than we ever used or are inclined to use; yet we have no doubt that it is literally true in Mr. Purdy's region. The Concord, we still hold, is the best grape for the million.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Hogs in Orchards.—A Cayuga county correspondent advises as follows in the Country Gentleman:—"The true way for Eastern pig feeders who do not wish to pen up their swine, is to have their pens communicate with their orchard. Don't ring the pigs, but feed well, and just let them root as they will. This course will manure your orchard, and you are sure of a good crop of apples. In hot weather, the shade is grateful to the swine, besides the great benefit to future crops by having all wormy and curculio stung fruit picked up as soon as it falls. I have followed this course with swine and orchard for twenty-five years, and but one year failed in having an abundance of fruit. If the orchard becomes too weedy, plough and plant with early potatoes, or some crop which manures early. Sow with small grain next spring, seeding with clover and orchard grass, harvesting grain by turning in pigs; and if the pigs are fattened by liberal feeding, without confinement in a close pen, the consumer will find it an improvement in the quality and flavor of his pork."

Potato Puffs.—Take cold roast meat, either beef, mutton, or veal and ham; clear it from gristle, chop small, and season with pepper, salt, and cut pickles; boil and mash some potatoes, and make them into a paste with one or two eggs, roll it out with a dust of flour, cut it round with a saucer, put some of your seasoned meat on one half, and fold it over like a puff, prick or nick it neatly round, and fry it a light brown. This is an excellent method of cooking up old meat.

☞ If three miles make a league, how many will make a confederacy?

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 7, 23, 6, 8, 19, 18, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 11, 21, 4, 8, 1, 5, 14, is a river in Prussia.
My 4, 6, 17, 18, 19, 10, 16, 15, 15, is a town in Scotland.
My 15, 2, 17, 4, 10, 22, 18, 10, 3, is a cape in Portugal.
My 5, 14, 4, 5, is a county in New York.
My 15, 2, 19, 11, 4, 6, 4, 9, is an island in the Mediterranean.
My 20, 14, 4, 7, 20, is a town in Peru, South America.
My 22, 2, 15, 15, is a county in Michigan.
My 15, 5, 21, 8, 7, 20, 15, is the name of an Indian tribe.
My 11, 13, 15, 4, 19, 23, is a port in South America.
My 22, 2, 14, 3, 5, 10, is a county in Kentucky.
My 7, 9, 10, 11, 4, 2, is an island in the Mediterranean.
My 3, 5, 14, 20, 22, 4, 21, 20, is a town in the south of Europe.
My 17, 4, 13, 21, 6, 2, is a town in Austria.
My 17, 9, 7, 20, 15, 15, 9, 14, is a bay on the coast of Florida.
My 4, 6, 11, 8, 12, 18, 21, 11, 13, 6, 7, 23, is a county in Arkansas.

By practising my whole, wonders have been achieved. R. H. WALTER.
West Chester Pa.

Double Rebus.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A Bible name.
A girl's name.
A kind of fish.
A Bible name.
A race of people.
A river of the United States.
A part of the day.

My initials and finals form Presidents of the United States.

Riddle.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My 1st is in born, but not in die.
My 2d is in stew, but not in fry.
My 3d is in burn, but not in freeze.
My 4th is in please, but not in tease.
My 5th is in warm, but not in cold.
My 6th is in bought, but not in sold.
My whole is the title of an interesting novel.
Keokuk, Iowa. YATES.

Charade.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Of letters four I am composed,
An article that's daily used.
Strike out my first, and you will see
In what mankind do all agree.
But take my fourth, my second, third,
And a choice beverage is the word;
But once again my fourth place first,
Then my second, third, as erst;
My first, the fourth then read anew,
And you will see that it is true
That every farmer one does need,
And often more to sow his seed.
In earnest try, you'll soon succeed.
Waverly, Ohio. LYDIA L. J.

Charade.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Entire, I am a conveyance.
Behead me, and you find empty declamation.
Behead again, and I become an insect.
Transpose me, and I am a color.
Again, and we have a boy's nickname.
Behead, and a preposition remains.
Cincinnati, Ohio. S. HORACE G.

Diophantine Question.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

It is required to find three positive integral numbers whose sum shall be a cube number, and the sum of their cubes a cube number.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

There are six square numbers whose sum is a square;
And also a cube. Pray, will you declare,
In smallest whole numbers, what those numbers are? DAVID ANDERSON.
Martinsville, Morgan Co., Ia.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is true wit like a diamond? Ans.—It cuts as well as shines.

☞ Why is a schoolmaster like a cobbler? Ans.—He improves the understanding.

☞ Why is a lawyer's business like other people's? Ans.—It consists of words and deeds.

☞ Why is a lady's belt like a scavenger? Ans.—Because it goes round and gathers up the *waist*.

☞ Why is an intended fight like the walls of a fortress? Ans.—It is a battle meant (battlement.)

Answers to Last.

DOUBLE REBUS—Roman Invasion, British Valor, (Rub-a-dub, Otter, Mississippi, Ant, Neroli, Isis, Nash, Valv(e), Agricola, Sell, Intaglio, Ou, Necromancer.) RIDDLE—Look before you leap. CHARADE—Gray, (ray, ay.) CHARADE—Penobscot, (Pea, knob, Scott.)

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, Jan. 7:—260 pounds.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, Jan. 14th:—

424424 478000 448000
2363637 2363637 2363637

—Gill Bates, J. N. Soders, and the author.

Answer to PROBLEM by Gill Bates, same date:—27000, 5832, and 13824.—J. N. Soders, J. M. Greenwood, Morgan Stevens, and the author. Both these Problems admit of different answers.

Answer to R. Barto's PROBLEM, same date:—It will go the distance of 201.04 feet in 10 seconds.—Morgan Stevens.